AURORA

1914

GENERAL EDITION

No._____

The Aurora

Class of

1914

Saginaw High School

Saginaw, Michigan

Dedication

In reverent respect for his high character, and
in grateful recognition of his
unselfish work for
The Saginaw East Side High School
the Class of Nineteen Fourteen,
in behalf of the School and
the Alumni, affectionately
dedicate this Aurora
to the Honored
Memory of

Melville D. Brooks

INTRODUCTION

WE can scarcely claim it to be the best ever;—yet, in submitting this twenty-fifth edition of the "Aurora" to you, we do so with an untroubled conscience, for we are sure that it contains the best efforts of the "Class of Nineteen-fourteen."

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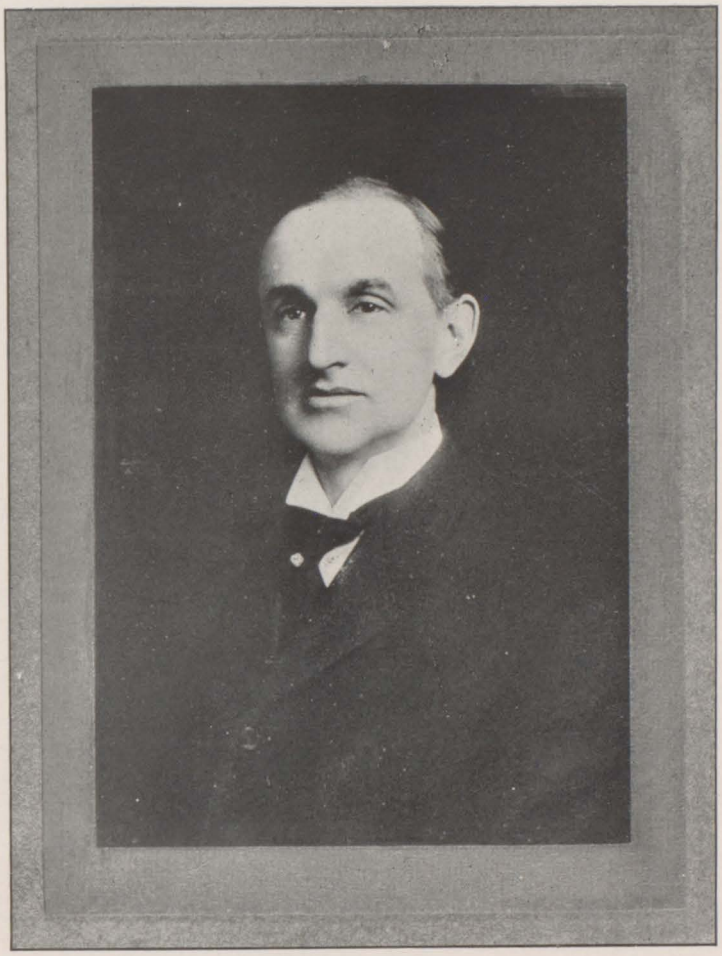

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ELIZABETH ZAHNER

L. MILLICENT YACKEY

President's Address

Life is practically a repetition of precedents. Our success or failure is to a great extent measured by our success in profiting by the mistakes of our predecessors.

It has become a time-honored precedent for the President of the out-going class to have the privilege of leaving on their behalf a few parting words of farewell, and, in accordance with this custom that is older than the school itself, I take great pleasure in speaking to you in behalf of the Class of Nineteen Fourteen.

This year has been our year: today is our day. It is difficult to realize that we are never more to sit together as students of old Saginaw High. Classmates, as we sit here, what sentiments o'ertake us! What remembrances of happy hours spent in the last four years return to us! What heart-throbbings we experience as we try to appreciate the fact that the time has almost come when we must part to meet no more! Did we realize in looking forward to this day of our victory that it would also be a day of sorrow? But it was ever thus. Who of us regret the change we made in leaving our grammar school life? And yet, how very few of us, at that time, viewed the future with anything like optimism. Let us then profit by this experience and let us not be sad because we must enter unfamiliar paths and break asunder friendships of long standing, but rather let us be joyful in the future and optimistic in its glorious possibilities and prospects.

We are now on the threshold of that life wherein it will be seen whether our short stay on this earth is to be a success or failure. But what is success, we ask? Is it a matter of accumulating vast wealth about us? Is it a matter of winning individual glory, or is success to be measured by the amount of good we can do and have done for our fellowmen? The names of men who line the pages of history are not the names of those who have merely glorified themselves, but rather of those who have glorified and advanced their communities.

We can therefore assume that success in the big sense of the word is not a matter of accumulating vast wealth nor is it a matter of winning individual honors, but it is rather the art of surrendering ourselves to the interest of our fellow men.

How then have we benefitted by these four years of preparation for the task which is before us? We cannot compute the benefit we have derived from our High school training by the amount of Latin, German or Sciences we have mastered, but the advantages we have attained in our High school life can rather be found in the assimilation of these subjects in which we have unconsciously developed that most respected of all human possessions,—A CHARACTER.

With this fact in mind, let us not enter aimless and bewildered into the paths which lie before us, but let us confidently enter these paths with a purpose and a determination to attain that success which can only be attained by the brave and honest efforts of our own individual selves.

Many problems will confront us and in trying to overcome them we may meet with a partial defeat, but if we are defeated, let it be an honorable defeat so that after the struggle we can say with a clear conscience, "I have done my best."

So, resolved and assured that whatever success we shall attain will be in no small way attributed to thee, old Saginaw High, we bid thee farewell.

EARL RAYMOND.

SENIOR

EARL E. RAYMOND

CLASS OF 1914

Class Colors ..... Maroon and Gold.

OFFICERS

EARL EDWARD RAYMOND ..... President
FLORENCE BAUM ..... Vice-President
GORDON RICE ..... Secretary
BESSIE LIDDLE ..... Treasurer
JOHN HALL ..... Marshal

GRACE MAUDE ABBOTT

She is like—but stay—
What a woman is like, who can say?

MARTHA TARA ADOMEIT

O' eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time.

LUCILLE ANDRE

She is just the quiet kind whose nature never wanes.

FRIEDA ELIZABETH BAKER

While I yet live, let me not live in vain.

SELMA BANDEMER

My mind to me a kingdom is.

FLORENCE MAE BAUM

With mirth and laughter she makes known her presence.

ALBERT BAUMGARTEN

All's well that ends well.

ELVA RUTH BISHOP

See where she comes apparalled like the spring.

LORNA DOONE BOOTH

In maiden meditation, fancy free.

LORAINE BRADT

She was a winsome wee maid.

FRANKLIN WILLIAM BROMM

What shall I do to be forever known
And make the age to become my own?

GILBERT A. BROOKS

The friend of all his fellows.
May he live for ever.

FLOYD BLAIN BROWN

On their own merits, modest people are dumb.

HARRIET JOSEPHINE BROWN

Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.

CHARLES BURDICK BURKHOLDER

In athletic sports doth excel
And since the mark he hits so well
His aim in life, ah, who can tell?

CECILS BURROUGHS

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL

The man who blushes is not quite a brute.

NINA CHARLOTTE DOROTHY COSENDAI

There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.

ETHEL MILDRED COVEY

I say just what I think, nothing more or less.

CHARLES HODSKIN CUMMINGS

For even though vanquished, he could argue still.

HENRY FREDERICK DAMM

He is neither above nor below his business.

FLORENCE LOUISE DRIGGS

Always pleasant, kind and smiling.

HAROLD EAGAN

I hold he loves me best who calls me curly.

GENEVIEVE B. FITZGERALD

Gentle of speech and beneficent of mind.

ADAM FOX

This gentleman is full of virtue, worth and qualities.

WILLIAM PEARL FRENCH

His limbs were cast in manly mould
For hardy sports or contest bold.

HELEN LOUISE FRUEH

She is like all girls should be.

HAROLD ARTHUR FURLONG

And panting time toiled after him in vain.

HUGO PAUL GEISLER

Earth sounds my wisdom and heaven my fame.

LOUIS ERNEST GOECKER

No talent but yet a character.

FRANCES CAROLYN GOODMAN

She was truly Beauty's looking-glass.

FRANK A. GORMAN

Much might be said on both sides.

GERTRUDE GRANDY

Of manners gentle, of affections mild.

ELLEN GEORGIA GREEN

None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

WALTER GROSS

A man; a right true man however
Whose work was worthy a man's endeavor.

JOHN HALL

A careless song with a little nonsense
in it now and then
Could not misbecome a king.

DON SIDNEY HANAFORD

I am lean enough to be thought a good student.

ROBERT HAMMOND HARDON

Strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away.

ELSA JANE HARRIS

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat.

MARION DOVE HAWKINS

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

FRANCE HEBERT

Rich in the grace that all women desire.

RUTH DOROTHIA HEINEMANN

O lady, nobility is thine, and thy form is the reflection of thy nature.

GRACE GEORGENNA HERBECK

What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

MARIE KATHALEEN HORNING

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine.

WILMAH IONE HUBERT

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.

MABEL GERTRUDE JEROME

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

MODELLE HAZEL JEROME

For sure no moments bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

EMILIE MARIE JOSEPH

Oh, her bright face one glance will trace a picture of a noble woman.

SAUL S. KANTER

Boys will be boys.

ARTHUR EVERETT KOEHLER

The narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery.

HELEN ANN KORBELIK

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

EMIL JULIUS KRIEG

His words are bonds; his oaths, oracles; his love sincere; his thoughts immaculate.

CLARENCE CHRISTAIN LANDSKROENER

He is a product to be marveled at.

EMMA LANGSCHWAGER

Quiet and unruffled; always pleasant and kind.

GLADYS BEATRICE LEBO

I say the world is lovely and that loveliness is enough.

JAY LENICK

The world knows little of its best men.

BESSIE LIDDLE

Those thousand graceful acts that daily flow from all her words and actions.

WALDO LOSCH

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

ARDATH LIETTA LYMAN

So saying, with dispatchful look, in haste she turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.

GEORGE IRVING LYMAN

And when a lady's in the case
You know that all other things give place.

RUTH McCLELLAND

On one once she smiled, and he was forever blest.

JEANNIE McGREGOR

Grace shines around her with its serenest beams.

EPHRAIM F. McNALLY

Life's a jest, and all things show it.

HUGH MATHESON

He was a noticeable man.

NORAINE MAYHEW

A merry heart goes all the day.

LIONEL N. MERRILL

Some, for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

MARION HELEN MESSENGER

Come what will tomorrow, for I have lived today.

JOSEPH WILBUR NORTON

Women were created for the comfort of men.

MARIE NOTHHELFER

Happy I am, from care I am free.
Why aren't they all contented like me?

WILLIAM CALLAM O'KEEFE

A well-favored young man, and broad minded.

D. HERBERT OPPERMANN

And he is oft the wisest man, who is not wise at all.

CLARA OTTO

In her it was natural to please.

MILDRED PACKARD

And she touched nothing that she did not adorn.

ANNA PARSONS

I am but a woman, when I think, I must speak.

ELEANORE HELEN PARTH

Studious of ease and proud of humble things.

HOWARD H. PATTERSON

Those that think must govern those that toil.

HAROLD POLSON

A man among men.

CARL HERMON PROESTEL

Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm.

LAWRENCE EUGENE PURDY

He is wise who listens much and talks but little.

CELIA LEONA RABE

Each day, each hour, her name I'll bless.

EARL EDWARD RAYMOND

I am monarch o'er all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.

DOROTHY J. REDMOND

Style before beauty—it lasts longer.

WILLIAM LOUDEN REID

I remember him well, and I remember
him worthy of praise.

GORDON RICE

Trust not a maiden's smile, for it is oft
a meaningless guile.

MAX GRUND ROBERTSON

Hope runs to Infinity.

RUTH ROBERTSON

Her very powers are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

ANNA C. ROTH

We meet thee like a pleasant thought
when such is wanted.

JOHN H. RUNCHEY

To be tired is natural; to be lazy is a
habit.

HENRY D. SAGE

True as the needle to the pole, or as the dial to the sun.

HESTER GERTRUDE SCHABERG

Silence is sweeter than speech.

EMMA SCHEALL

Behold me! I am worthy of thy love, for I love thee.

WILLIAM MILTON SCHERPING

A man whose eloquence has power
To clear the fullest house in half an hour.

LULU SCHLICKUM

She who takes great delight in her books.

GERTRUDE MARIE SCHROEDER

All burdens from my heart,
All weary thoughts away.

AMANDA A. SCHULTZ

Blest with plain reason and sober sense.

EDWARD SCHWARCK

A good word costs nothing and it buys much.

ELSA SCHWARTZ

The mildest mannered maid I ever knew.

BLANCH SECORD

The mildest manners with the bravest mind.

JUNE ELIZABETH SPENCER

Not merely Nature's handiwork, but withal, her masterpiece.

META R. STEIN

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

ARTHUR EATON SYMONS

A head plus love is a head minus common sense.

EARL MILTON TAYLOR

Men of few words are the best men.

BESSIE MAE VANCE

Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.

BERNICE MARGARTE VASOLD

I'm weary of conjectures.

ADOLPH HERMAN VEITENGRUBER

With too much thinking to have common thought.

LYNDLY ANDRUS WALKLING

There is no true orator who is not a hero.

RALPH ALFRED WALLIS

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Flee because a woman's fair?

CHARLES PATRICK WALSH

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

HAZEL SHAW WALTER

There is no knowledge that is not valuable.

BEATRICE WINTERS WARNER

For I am nothing, if not critical.

ELSA ELIZABETH WERNER

Her ways are paths of pleasantness.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WHITNEY

Worth makes the man.

GEORGE HENRY WINKLER

In this fool's paradise, he drank delight.

DONALD EARL WILSON

The sports of children satisfy the child.

CLARA MARGARET WINKLER

A merry heart goes all the day.

AGNES DOROTHY WUNDER

She was a quiet maiden, and studious withal.

MURIEL MARIE WILKINSON

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

In Memoriam

Wells Stone

Valedictorian's Address

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Faculty, Students:

We, the Class of 1914, are about to become a part of the history of the Saginaw High School.

Four years ago we entered this institution as Freshmen, three hundred or more in number. Fresh from the grammar schools, our new freedom and its attendant responsibilities almost overwhelmed us. Undismayed, however, we entered boldly upon our High School career and proceeded to combat and overcome the difficulties that lay before us in our quest for knowledge. Four years we have struggled and many in our ranks have fallen by the wayside. Now, sadly depleted in numbers, we gather together for a last farewell to the Old School.

We are about to sever many of the ties of our youth and to leave perhaps forever, the friendships of our school days. When we think of these things our hearts are heavy, but, on contemplation of the fact that we are closing a successful High School career and on consideration of the bright and pleasant prospects that life has in store for us, they are again lightened and we go on our ways rejoicing.

Members of the Faculty, it is to you that we, in a large measure. owe our success thus far. Your kind guidance and interest in our welfare has helped us greatly in our past difficulties and your teachings will continue to do so in the future. We are grateful beyond measure and when we have departed from these walls we will often think of you and, in the words of the immortal Longfellow, say,

"O friends! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night, darkens the landscape o'er!"

On parting we feel confident that the students who will follow us will carefully guard the good name and honor of Old Saginaw High. We know that they will see that those dear old colors of Black and Gold are not sullied by hostile hand, so that her Fair Name and Fame will stand forth as proudly in the future as they have in the past.

Fellow Classmates, to us this is one of the most momentous periods in our lives. We are about to go out and begin our struggles on the great Battlefield of Life. Some few of us, more fortunate than the rest, will continue for a brief time to further prepare ourselves for our work,

but whether we begin now or study a few years longer, we ought all to be able to go out and meet the issues squarely and without hesitation.

Fellow Classmates, "In this world a man must be either a hammer or an anvil." Which are we going to be? Are we going to be hammers of the world that apply the force where it is most needed or are we going to be the anvils that withstand the brunt of the hard work? Are we going to be ranked among the few leaders in the world, or among the great mass of the workers? Time alone can tell. We cannot all be leaders, some one must work. We cannot all be workers, someone must direct. Each is essential and indispensable to the other.

"Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest. In the inevitable course of life we will all fall into our alloted places, each of us will find his or her realm and in these we can do our best. No matter what we are, if we do all that we are capable of we are one hundred per cent efficient, and that means a SUCCESS, which after all is what we are striving for. If we do not amass great fortunes or do not make great names for ourselves, that does not signify failure, for "everywhere in life the great question is, not what we GAIN, but what we DO."

So, Fellow Classmates, let us all strive to make our lives a success in the true sense of the word. If we do this, then our work is completed, we will find that we rank not among the "failures" but among those who are on the highest plane, among those who have MADE GOOD.

H. P. GEISLER, JR.

A Brief History of the Aurora

This being the twenty-fifth edition of this, our High School annual, it is very appropriate that we give here a small history of the AURORA and its progress.

In 1890, after many unsuccessful attempts, the graduating class finally secured permission from the Board of Education, to edit and publish an annual. It was a large undertaking for the small class, but it was tackled with enthusiasm. First, they chose Stephen S. Stillwell to be the editor-in-chief, and the result of his efforts justifies their selection. As associate editors, the following were appointed: Messrs. H. E. Culver, V. S. Drake, J. A. Keeler, F. A. Osborn; Misses M. Culver, B. Edwards, M. Holmes, M. Weinecke.

The first Aurora included:

1. President's Address.
2. English Essay.
3. Class Poem.
4. Class Prophecy.
5. Class History.
6. Story, "Pictures from Literature."
7. Alphabetical Essay.
8. Photo of High School.
9. History of High School.
10. Class Day Toasts.
11. Class Roll.
12. Organizations: Palydips; Lyceum; Athletic Association.

In its forty-four pages the book was astonishingly complete, and all departments were cleverly handled. Probably the best class poem ever published in an Aurora is contained in this first number. It was written by Miss Minnie Thurgood, a girl from Greenland, who conceived the unique idea of comparing the class' struggle to the trials and triumphs of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The poem contains much of literary merit and might really be termed a masterpiece.

Among the toasts printed in this book, one in particular arrests one's attention. It was given on Class Day in 1890, by Prof. John O.

Reed, and is in honor of the Saginaw High School. The toast as printed follows:

HIGH SCHOOL:

"Giving out year by year
Recruits to manhood and womanhood dear;
Brave boys, moedest maidens in beauty sent forth,—
The living epistles and proof of its work."

The title page bears the following inscription:

To the
teachers
whose faithful
work has guided our
wandering class through the
wide desert of the pathless past,
we beg to dedicate this,
our final effort, the
Class of
'90.

In a little foreword the editors expressed their just pride in their work and hoped it would set a presedent 'for a series of similar editions." How pleased they must be as they now behold the result of their initiative labors! Gradually, since that time, and year by year, new features have been added.

In 1891 a few cartoons were inserted.

In 1892 the joke department added its attractions to the rest.

The year 1893 brought with it the Class Song (without music), an Oration and Yells.

In 1896 the frontispiece, now used in Auroras, was first included. It may be interesting to note that we had a suffragette in our school at that time. In a well-written poem, entitled, "Marriage," she declares for the rights of woman, and urges all girls to grab on to a husband.

An unique feature appeared in the 1898 edition. A photograph of the signatures of the faculty occupied one of the foremost pages. This feature, however, does not appear in any subsequent issue.

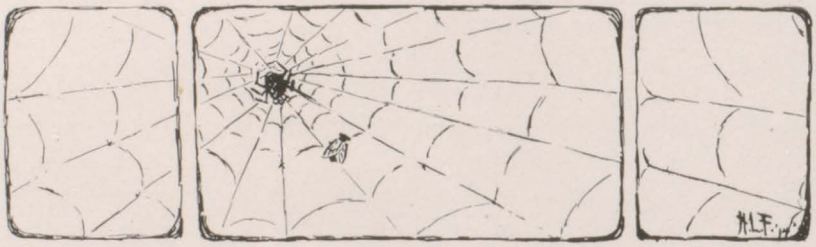
Essays in the foreign languages made their initial appearance in this number. The societies, also, showed an increase in importance by having a caricature to represent each one.

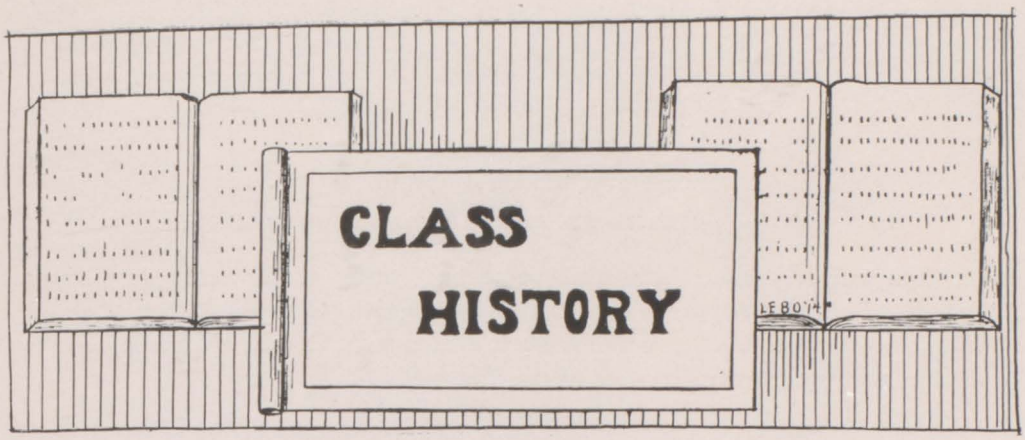
1900 and 1901 ushered in an abundance of photographs, including those of the individual graduates. The 1901 Aurora contained a fine five-act tragedy, by Arthur Cook. This Aurora was the first to reach the one hundred mark, for pages printed. It required one hundred and six pages to hold the offerings of this class.

Gradually, from that time on, new features have been added. Sometimes the book has not come up to its predecessor in value, but always there has been some improvement, until in 1913, the Aurora contained two hundred and forty-four pages and was classed among the three best High School annuals in the United States. This year it will probably contain three hundred pages. New features have been added, and while it may not be the best ever, still it is certain to equal any ever published, both in form and matter.

Thus the Aurora has slowly, but surely, made a place for itself in our High School life, and is now readily recognized as part of a graduate's training. It is the medium of recording the accomplishments of each class, and we feel that it is an honor to be in any way connected with it.

THE EDITORS.





Filled with the exuberance and independence of youth, the Class of 1914 entered the Saginaw High School on its Freshman term. When we beheld the dignified Seniors, who smiled upon us so benignly, we felt no inward quakings and failed to give them the respect they thought they deserved. We succeeded in calling a class meeting before our long unexpected vacation, caused by the smallpox epidemic, and the following officers were elected to guide us through the trials and tribulations of our Freshman year.

President, Shirley Corrigan.

Vice-President, Elsa Jane Harris.

Secretary, Gilbert Brooks.

Treasurer, Lorraine Bradt.

Maroon and Gold were chosen for our class colors.

Although many of our classmates wished to have a social function, we were considered too young to participate in such frivolities. Consequently, with no break in the daily routine of our work, our Freshman year seemed exceptionally long. We left as a parting gift to the Manual Training School, the picture of George Washington which now hangs on the walls of that building.

The summer passed all too quickly for most of us, and we returned to the Saginaw High, the second time, feeling much older and wiser

than we had the preceding year. A class meeting was called early in the fall and the following officers were chosen:

President, Otto Wolf.
Vice-President, Ann Roth.
Secretary, Earl Raymond.
Treasurer, Beatrice Warner.

Immediately after the first semester, plans were made for our "Spread," which proved to be a delightful affair. Every member of the class entered into the party with such enthusiasm it will always be one of the most pleasant memories of the Class of '14.

The following autumn saw us all back in our accustomed places with great expectations for the social events of our Junior year. The class officers were as follows:

President, William O'Keefe.
Vice-President, Mildred Packard.
Secretary, Ralph Wallis.
Treasurer, Nellie Green.

The Junior Appointments were given in December, but a change was made this year, as the five girls and five boys having the highest averages received the honors instead of simply the ten highest. No entertainment was given because the Appointees thought they could not afford to take so much time away from heavy subjects which they were carrying.

We followed the time-honored custom of the school and gave a Junior Hop in the Masonic Temple during the Christmas holidays. It proved to be the most successful ever given in the history of the school, financially as well as socially.

In order to bring before the eyes of the public the exceptional histrionic ability of some of our classmates, a vaudeville show was planned which took place at the Masonic Temple in May. This spectacular performance was enjoyed by a very large audience. The finances of the class were so augmented that we were able to give the Seniors a novel entertainment, which took the form of a moonlight excursion on the steamer Melbourne.

Now, at last, we have reached the crowning part of our High School career, and with dignity have we taken our position as Seniors and leaders in the school city. With deep consideration the following members of the class were chosen as officers:

President, Earl Raymond.
Vice-President, Florence Baum.
Secretary, Gordon Rice.
Treasurer, Bessie Liddle.
Marshal, John Hall.

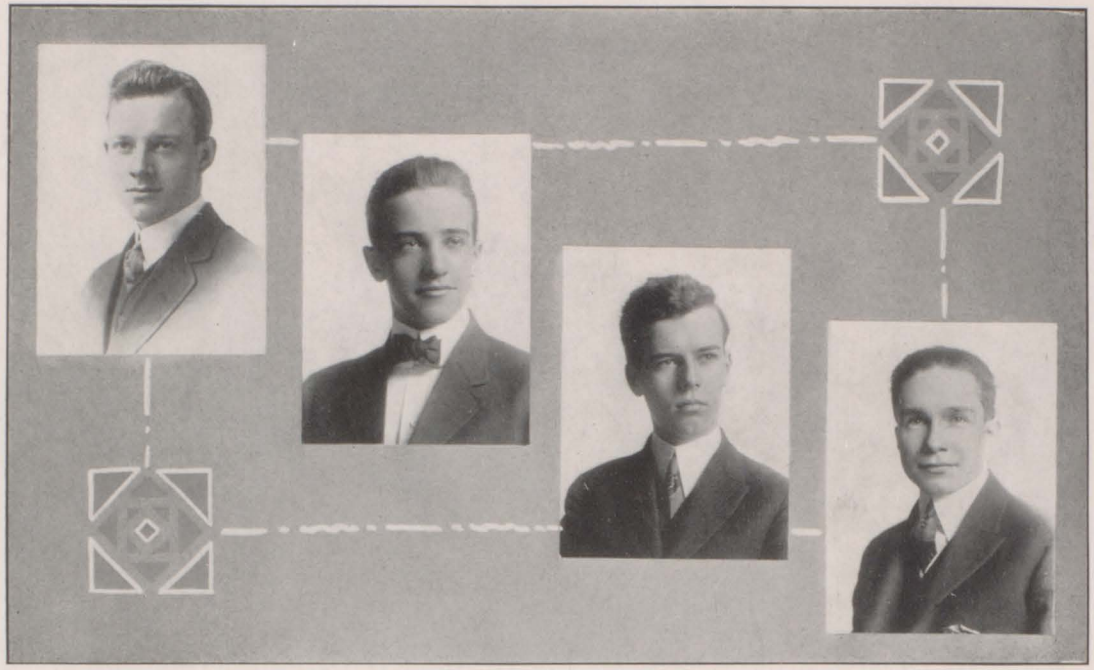
We conscientiously did our duty in assisting the Freshmen to become acquainted with the rules and regulations of our school city. In March, a strictly Senior party, which we all enjoyed very much, was given in the gymnasium.

By the spring vacation, all plans were completed for the Aurora. Now we are looking forward eagerly to the events of Commencement week.

This is all that can be written in the history of the Class of 1914, and time alone can tell the future history. But whatever success each individual attains, it will be attributed to the training received in the Saginaw High.

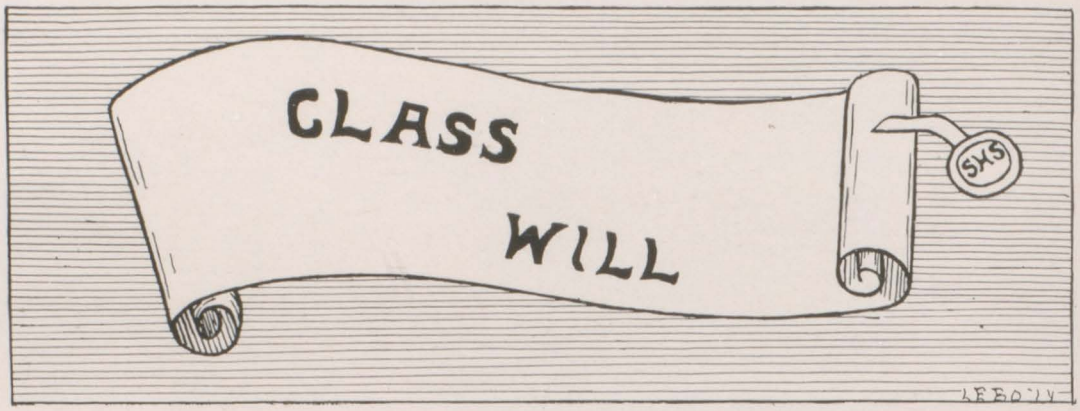
NELLIE GREEN.

THE GIRL GRADUATE



PAST PRESIDENTS

SHIRLEY CORRIGAN OTTO WOLF WILLIAM C. O'KEEFE EARL E. RAYMOND



We, the Class of 1914, of the Saginaw East Side High School, in the County of Saginaw, and State of Michigan, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, in manner following, viz.:

First, We will and direct that all our just debts and funeral expenses be paid in full.

Second, We give, devise and bequeath to the school as a whole, to be theirs and their heirs forever, the recollection of our aggressiveness, our loyalty, and our industry, and we further direct and command that each member of said school strive to the best of his or her ability to maintain and continue the proud record which we have handed down, untarnished.

Third, To the Class of 1915, we do leave the following herein enumerated articles, viz.: Our Senior Session room. We earnestly advise and admonish each and every member of that class to appreciate this gift and use it in every legitimate manner; that within its sacred walls you meet at study hour and that you then obey the precepts of the 'Guardian Angel" of that room, concentrating all your attention on the books in front of you and none on the person or persons about you.

Furthermore, we earnestly request you to refrain from making any comments when said "Guardian Angel" makes the customary announcements or passes the report cards.

We bequeath unto you our interesting course in 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic. We sincerely hope that you may profit by it and be sent forth into the world able to do not only Trigonometry, Latin, or Algebra, but that you may be able to write legibly and be able to add up the grocery bill in the coming years.

We also leave our seats in Chapel and our Senior dignity. We need give no directions for the finding of the aforesaid seats, but we will say that our dignity can only be attained by constant struggle against the levities and temptations of the under classmen.

We leave those of our number who have been compelled by adverse circumstances, eye strain and other such affliction, more commonly known as lack of credits.

As for our course in Physics, we refuse to say anything or to direct or warn you about the inhabitant of H—.

We finally bequeath unto you our horn, bedecked with the ribbons of long ago; redolent with the memory of past classes and enshrouded with the veneration due old age; a lusty relic of those who have preceded us and one which has by its inspiring voice, tooted them on to victory. But, Juniors, we earnestly beseech you to guard well the sacred horn. After cheering you on to greater accomplishments may it be handed down to the succeeding generations and may its silver, clarion call arouse them in the coming years as it has aroused us and may it incite them to greater deeds of glory and of honor with each year. Juniors, guard it well!

To the Class of 1916 we leave our best wishes for their success in all their undertakings.

To the Freshmen, the Class of 1917, we leave the recollection of the happy hours we have spent with them in supervising their work, instructing them in the ways of wisdom and attempting to instill in their youthful minds the principles which have actuated and inspired the Senior Classes of all times. We hope that we have not failed in our undertaking and may our youthful protégé grow to maturity in our High School, shedding fresh glory and luster on our then almost forgotten class. But we warn and admonish you lest, in your youthful exuberancy and in the joy of being now called Upper Classmen, you become afflicted

with an abnormal development of the cranium, not caused by any preponderance of learning.

To the Faculty we give our sincere thanks for the help which they have given us.

Furthermore, we appoint our honored and respected principal, Mr. W. W. Warner, as sole executor of this our Last Will and Testament.

Lastly, we hereby revoke all former Wills by us at any time made.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto set our hands and seal, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen.

CLASS OF 1914.

On this first day of April, A. D. 1914, the Class of 1914, of the Saginaw, East Side, High School, in the County of Saginaw, and State of Michigan, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence and declared it to be their Last Will and Testament, and as witnesses thereof we do now, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

WILLIAM C. O'KEEFE.
E. E. RAYMOND.

A Song of Courage

Oh! what sordid thoughts
Oft crowd upon my soul,
Of life, of death, their meaning,
And the Race's goal.

Man, that on this lonely star,
Coming, he knows not whence:
In darkness lives and toils and loves,
Tending he knows not thence,
Wears out his life in saving wealth
That he must leave behind,
Or seeking after glories vain
And fickle as the wind.

Shadows, we seem, that move
Along the Wall of Time,
In mystery we move
To a mysterious clime,—
We lift our eyes and pass
Again into the Night.

Then from the gloom of my reasoning
A word with sorrow fraught:
Why then anticipate labor
If the end of endeavor is naught?

Disconsolate I fain would cease
To seek my longed-for goal,
But lo! a voice among the stars
Speaks peace unto my soul:
"Oh! labor not for glory
And not for love of gain,
Just strive to obliterate sorrow
And lessen thy brother's pain,
Ask not the end nor reason,
Nor once thy duty shirk,
But steel thy heart with courage
And for the love of working, work!"

ROBERT HARDON.

Bel Esprit!

Great fathomer, of all that is, grand mould
Of human life, enslaver of all force,
When will they climbing cease? A story old
Is thine: how ages built thy zealous course
And mankind made supreme; thy labor roll'd
Material up from ev'ry living source
In Nature or in Fancy; climb on thy bold
And God-like power! Yet withhold thy zeal from worse
Than what will better man: no words express
The hurt of evil genius, but to raise
Advancement's stage, look higher and strive on,
Build up the way to human happiness,
That when at last thou well hast spent thy days,
Thy work may last when life and thee are gone.

ROBERT H. HARDON.

A Prayer

The Wonder-workings of thy hand,
  Help me, O Lord, to understand,
The verdant fields, the trees, the sod,
  Help me to know, Almighty God,
The gems that stud the dome of night,
  The restless sea, the searching light,
The lonely brook, the sparkling fount,
  The lonely vale, the lofty mount;
And all created by thy hand,
  Help me, O Lord, to understand.

ROBERT H. HARDON.

Public Speaking

It is the eleventh hour of our High School life and ere long we shall leave this institution of learning to enter a broader field. But before we leave old Saginaw High let us pause a moment to consider some of the advantages offered us in this temple of learning. Of all the benefits derived from our High School work, the training in public speaking assumes an important part, for although the sections have met only once a week, yet a great deal has been accomplished during the four years of our High School course.

Each grade is divided into sections and has for its adviser a member of the faculty. The sections are really self-governing. The president and other officers are chosen by the members, and they preside over the meetings. The programs are made by the program committee, consisting of the faculty adviser, the president, the secretary and two members appointed by the president. At each meeting some member of the section is appointed to the responsible position of critic, who is to give both adverse and favorable criticism.

Besides these sections there are also a few societies who choose their own members.

In order to get a better idea of the work done, let us visit some of these sections and societies and listen to some of their typical programs. We will first go to some of the rooms where the timid Freshmen are holding their meetings. The girls discuss various subjects, such as, "The Wonders of the World," "Girls' Colleges," and "Children's Playgrounds in Large Cities." The ninth grade boys' sections are giving original reports on topics of general interest and we are told that the first semester was given over to declamations. Although appearance on these programs is a trying ordeal to the inexperienced Freshmen yet they seem to show a determination to accomplish something.

We find that the programs in the Sophomore boys' sections are very interesting, and their training in declamations proved advantageous to them in the declamation contest in which four of the twelve

contestants were members of this section and received first, second, third, and fourth places. The following are the winning declamations:

"The Guillotine."

"John Adams."

"The Heroism of Horatio Nelson."

"Russia, the Enigma of Europe."

During the second semester original speeches, such as, "The Seven Ages of the World" and "The Spread of the Safety First Idea," were the topics of the day. We find the Sophomore girls also interested in current events.

The Junior programs show a wide range of subjects. A typical program of these sections is as follows:

"Story of the Panama Canal."

"Colonel Goethals."

"Forest Fires in the United States."

"Baldwin, the Luckiest Aviator."

"Variety is the spice of life," seems to be the motto of the Senior section. The girls seem to favor talks on current events and topics of general interest, while the boys never miss an opportunity to exhibit their persuasive power in debates. The following are some of the topics discussed:

"Resolved, That the government ownership of railroads is preferable to private ownership."

"Resolved, That the toll exemption of American vessels ought to be removed."

There still remains the various societies, which have been organized in past years, such as the Lyceum, the Girls' Lyceum, the Girls' Columbian Literary Society, the Thencean, the Latin Club, and the Tenth Legion.

Since there is only one boys' society, the Lyceum, and since this is the oldest society, it attracts our attention first. The Lyceum devotes a great deal of its time to Parliamentary Law, although there is occasionally a discussion of current events and a debate. One of their programs is as follows:

"Resolved, That the present pension policy of the United States is not justified."

The Girls' Lyceum discusses story forms, current events, and gives attention to debates which have proved very interesting.

We find the G. C. L. S. giving its attention to the study and comparison of the cities of the world. The following cities have been studied:

"Havana."
"Buenos Ayres."
"Sima."
"London."

The American Literary Society devotes its time to the study of countries. The program on Holland proved very interesting. Musical programs are also given every four weeks.

The Thencean favors current events and occasionally the girls "screw their courage to the sticking point" and attempt a debate. A typical program is as follows:

"Life of Henry Ford and his Profit-Sharing Plan."
"German Schools."
"Origin of Safety First."
"Camp-Fire Girls."

In one section, the Latin Club, we find Rome the center of attraction. One of these programs is as follows:

"Greek and Roman Amusements."
"Roman Funerals."
"Roman Military Roads."
"The Laocoon Group."
"Roman Sculpture and Painting."

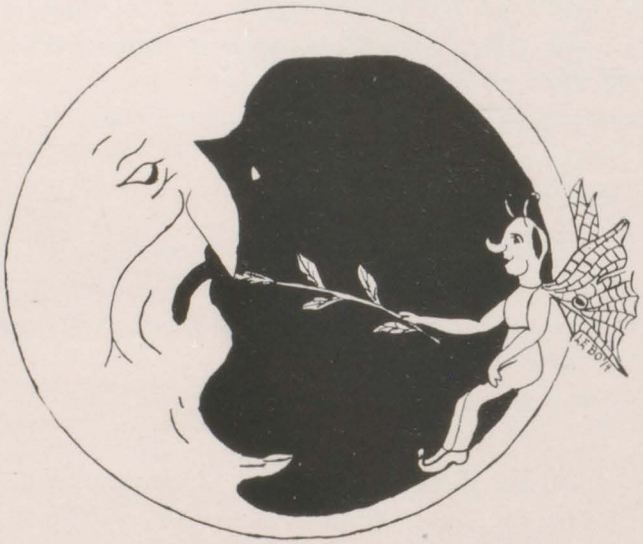
Rome is also favored by the Tenth Legion. Here the following topics are discussed:

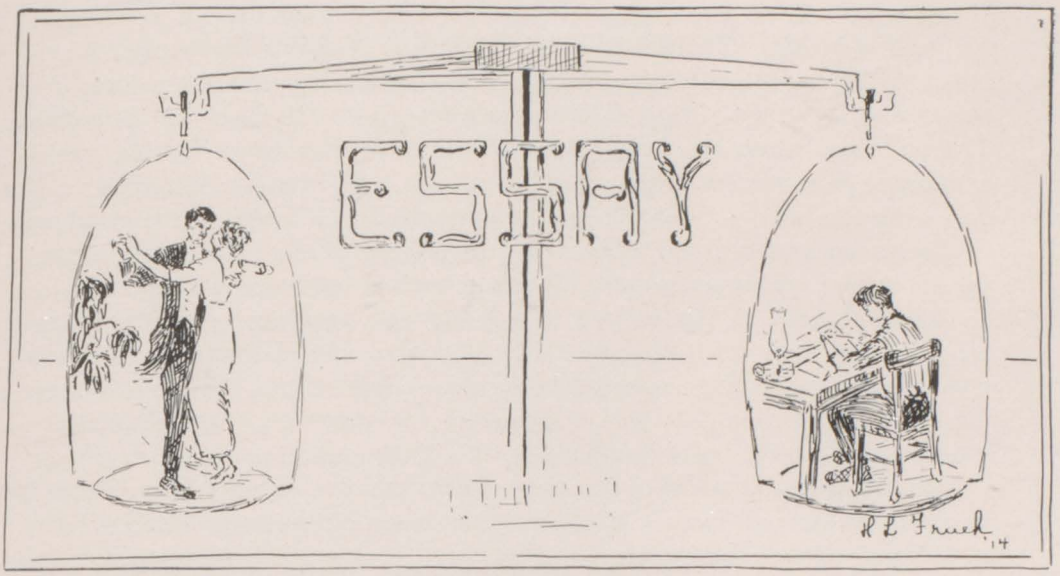
"Furniture in Roman Houses."
"Roman Feasts and Banquets."
"Roman Money and Ways of Reckoning Time."
"The Duties of Roman Slaves."
"The Treatment of Roman Slaves."
"Roman Books."

We have now completed our reports of the various sections. No doubt, but that in the future, we shall find many of the members of the various sections filling their places in the world as orators, statesmen, lawyers or suffragists. Perhaps some may be found in the Senate or House of Representatives, or even in the White House. Hoping that we shall never forget the pleasant hours spent in rhetorics, we bid farewell to dear old Saginaw High:

Our thoughts go back to days gone by,
Back to dear old Saginaw High;
Where we were trained for the strife
Which we must meet in later life;
And well have we withstood it all
For with our training, who could fall?

CLARA OTTO.





Responsibility

Though the educational institutions of today endeavor to foresee every need of the student in his future struggle in the world and to help him attain success, not merely mercenary success, but a success in the bigger and broader sense of the word, there is still something needed to properly fit the student to take his rightful place in the world. Too many of our young people settle into a humdrum life of selfish consideration and over fifty per cent miss much of all that is really worth while What is it that is needed? Who or what is at fault?

When the average student enters High school he is a care free child. His life was spent under the guidance and surveillance of others. Both at home and at school there was someone to correct, supervise and reprimand. From the grammar school with its supervision and restriction the pupil jumps to High school with its privileges and freedom. In but four years the average student will be face to face with life and its vital problems, as, "How shall I support myself?" or less obvious, but equally vital ones, as, "How shall I obtain the fullest measure of life?"

Thus the High school must take the raw though good material and turn out the finished product. It must take the undeveloped child and

broaden and shape him so that in the future he may make a good life if not a good living. To this end the High school offers him subjects that broaden his mind and raise his ideals by bringing him into a finer and closer relationship with his fellow students. The High school gives him that which is most essential to the foundation of character, that which will make him strong and true, that which will broaden his views and make his life full,—responsibility, responsibility for his entire conduct, for his success or failure in his work, for his success or failure as a companion to his fellow students. High school should make him stand on his own feet, for at the end of four years the problems of independent life confront him with this warning, "If you would find true success, seek always after the best." During his High school life he must get the final preparation that will enable him to recognize, want, and appreciate the best. There he is offered work and pleasure. He must choose. Which shall it be? Upon his choice depends his future life. Shall it be a success or a failure? If success, he must accept the responsibility of today in order to prepare for the graver responsibility of tomorrow. He must accept the responsibility that the High school offers him not only in the class room or on the athletic field, but in the class room, on the athletic field, in the entertainments, on the platform, in every phase of his school life. He must develop along all lines to be properly prepared for his place in life.

But this point escapes the student, and to the question of ultimate success or failure he sometimes replies, "Oh, I haven't time. I've got to get my algebra," and goes on crowding his brain with dry facts neglecting his physical and social development; neglecting all of the beautiful and interesting phases of High school life, failing to make himself a factor in it because he accepts only the responsibility of the class room, and he goes out into the world a narrow-minded, undeveloped individual.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Or the student will say, "No, I simply can't miss that party tonight." *His* life is filled with froth, he skims over the top, absorbs what he can and finally graduates, older in years and, perhaps, a little wiser, but no better and often less fitted to make a success of his life for he has not accepted his *entire* responsibility. He has spent his years of preparation in pursuit of the enjoyable but less beautiful and lasting features of school life, and,

All play and no work makes Jack a useless boy.

Then, again, the student will murmur a passive "Yes?" and will continue merely "going to High school." He may do his work and take part in some of the social life of the school, but he never becomes a real part of the High school life. He is merely spending his time at school because that seems to be the thing for him to do. He does not come because he feels the need of the influence of the High school or because he wants special preparation, or even because he wants to. He just comes, and so he continues to just go to High school. He lacks self-confidence and shirks the responsibility which would give him independence and strength. By a supreme indifference as to whether or not he is getting something worth while out of High school he shuts himself off from real pleasure, the best companionship, and foregoes all joy that comes from real work; in other words, from responsibility itself.

He should be anxious to develop and glad to accept all responsibility. Instead of passive acquiescence in his education, he should take an active part, accept his responsibility and thus discover his own shortcomings and ability and in this way become really acquainted with his own character and understand his own needs.

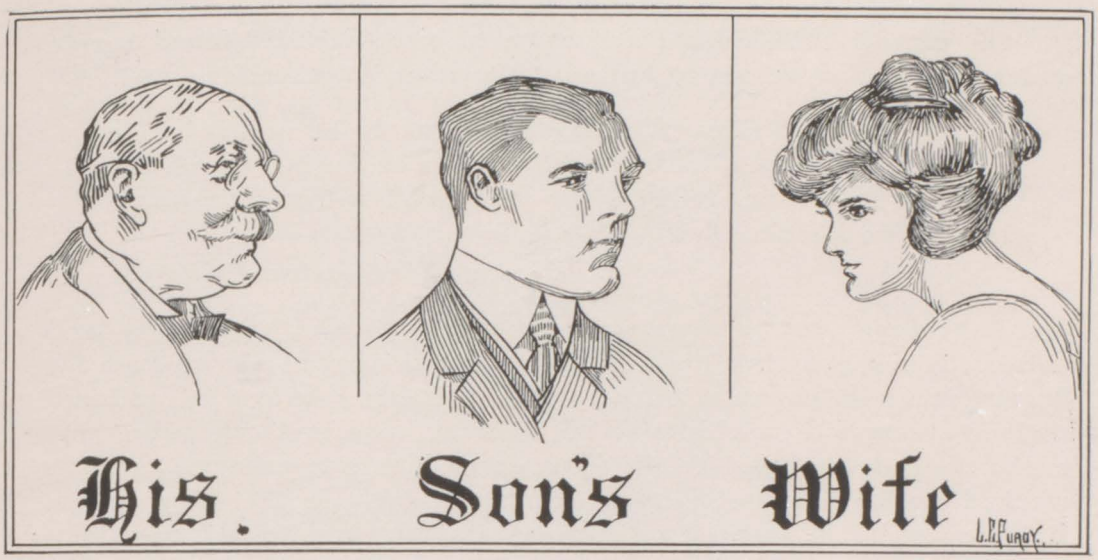
"As I walked with myself,
I talked with myself,
And myself said this unto me:
'Make friends with thyself,
Be true to thyself,
And thyself thy good angel shall be.'"

He should supplement the efforts of the faculty and High school organizations by a conscious effort to become bigger and broader, by having an understanding hand on the helm of his own life to direct his efforts into the right channels. If the student will become interested in his own future well-being and will conscientiously become his own teacher and assume the many opportunities and responsibilities he is offered, if he will become active in every phase of High school, he can do more for himself than a corps of the best teachers can do for him without his aid and interest.

The High school may go on trying to broaden our young men and women, to develop them so that they may be of service to humanity,

but until the pupil realizes that he himself must build the foundation for his future life, until the pupil realizes that every battle won for that which is ennobling and broadening is seed sown which will bring him a harvest that to him will be more valuable than gold or silver, jewels or treasure; until the student awakes to his own responsibility the High school will fail to bring forth the best in him and he will miss life's greatest gift—service to one's fellow men.

MARTHA ADOMEIT.



"In the land of Scotland, there
Lived a lassie, young and fair,
And the laddies came to woo her from afar;
But she cared not for a one
For her lover true was gone
Far away to fight for glory in the war."

"You confounded rascal, shut up!" roared Silas Paige, as he swung around in his chair and glared at the startled office boy. "What do you think this office is, anyway? An opera house? Make up your mind right now that it isn't! How in thunder can I straighten out this mess while you are yelling and screeching in my ears?"

Johnny O'More was not red-headed and freckled, nor was he handsome and intelligent in appearance; he was just an ordinary Irish boy, with the sparkling eye, quick wit and love for music that go with the word "Irish." His main talent was a fair tenor voice, and as a rule he was free to sing as much as he chose around the office. But things were not running according to rule these days and the cause was quite evident. Let us go back two weeks and we will discover the cause for the disturbed condition of the office of Silas Paige, real estate broker.

On June 2, 1914, Silas Paige came to his office and found a note under the door addressed to himself. Opening it he read:

> "Dear Mr. Paige—We have run away to be married. Do not expect us back, as Arthur is going in business with his uncle in Baltimore. Hoping for your good will and congratulations, we remain,
>
> "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bristook."

Bookkeeper and stenographer gone at once and without a day's notice. When Silas lost his temper, his speech rivaled Shakespeare for fluency, if not for choice of words, and on this day Johnny O'More heard the most complete combination of epithets, wise and otherwise, that ever passed man's lips. When Silas stopped he was exhausted and he reached weakly for the telephone, to insert adds in the daily papers. But meanwhile, he knew the work must be done and he tackled it himself. He exhausted his store of invectives wrestling with the typewriter in an attempt to replace a worn-out ribbon and insert a new one, and was finally successful. It was a laborious tack, writing those letters, but Silas stuck to it until finished. After a while he tackled the bookkeeping, and while it seemed perfectly easy to him, he made no discrimination between debits and credits, and so at the end of two weeks (no help having arrived in the meantime), when he wished to find out where he was 'at," he found himself in a hopeless muddle. And so, on June 16, 1914, the day on which our story opens, Silas was in a sorry predicament and we can excuse this burst of anger, which offended the sensitive nature of Johnny O'More.

"Go after the mail!" ordered Silas, as he turned back to his desk and to the Chinese puzzle confronting him. Within ten minutes Johnny returned and laid a bundle of letters and papers on his employer's desk, who immediately looked through them to pick out the most important ones. The first one claiming his attention was addressed in the writing of his son, who was just completing a law course at Harvard.

"I suppose he wants money," thought Silas, opening the envelope and extracting the single sheet it contained.

"Dear Dad," he read, "I've got a grand surprise for you,—I'm married! Of course, I won't say she is the best girl on earth, but she suits me. Also, Dad, I'm rather short of funds. Matrimony, as you must

know, is expensive. For the present I think $100 will do very nicely. Lovingly, Ralph."

"P. S.—Please remit."

"Now," groaned Silas, striking a dramatic attitude, indicative of despair, "I can fully appreciate Shakespeare's sentiment as he wrote,

'When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.'

"What on earth did he want to get married for, anyway? I always told him he was a fool and now I'm sure of it."

To save him from over worry, Fate at this moment intervened in the form of Johnny O'More, who entered the private office and handed Silas a card.

"Miss Marion Brenner," he read, and hoping against hope that at last help was coming to his relief, he ordered, "Show her in."

The door was opened and in stepped a young girl of about twenty-two, small and pretty. She was quietly dressed in a blue serge suit and a black velvet hat, which was tilted at a defiant angle over the left eye.

"Are you Mr. Paige?" she asked, smiling at him innocently.

"Well, who did you expect to find in my office, at my desk, and amongst my private papers?" growled Silas, testily.

"Why, you, of course," replied the young lady confidently, taking off her wraps and tossing them carelessly on a chair. "But you're not nearly as polite as I thought you would be," she added in a rather disappointed tone.

Silas stared after her in speechless amazement as she carefully examined everything in the room and finally sat down in front of the typewriter desk.

"Are there any letters to write this morning?" she asked easily, as she took a note-book from one of the desk drawers.

"Now see here, young lady—" began Silas, sternly.

"Please don't make a scene," she begged, wearily. "You know very well how much you need a stenographer. The elevator-man told me all about your predicament, so there is no sense in making a fuss about matters. I need this particular position as much as you need me. Are there any letters this morning?"

"Yes," gasped Silas, and he began to dictate at the rate of sixty miles an hour. She took the letters as swiftly as he dictated and didn't

seem in the least hurried. When he had finished she turned to her machine, inserted paper and began to write. She wrote about three words, when she suddenly stopped and tore out the paper.

"Who's been using this machine?" she demanded, turning to Silas.

"Why, I have," answered the startled Silas.

"I thought so!" she declared. "Your letters are all clogged up and it will take about a gallon of oil to get the machine working the way it should. Besides your ribbon is twisted almost into a knot," and she started to remedy these deficiencies. Silas watched her in puzzled silence for awhile. Never before had his help spoken to him like this, but somehow she was different and seemed to be a hustler, so he shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his work. Soon the typewriter was clicking away at a merry rate. In less than an hour, Miss Brenner came over to Silas' desk and placed thereon the finished letters, waiting only for his signature. Then she stood watching him vainly attempt to erase an ink-stain from his ledger.

"Well, what are you gawping at?" he puffed, impatiently. "Haven't you got anything to do besides standing there and staring at me?"

"Why, yes; to be sure," she replied emphatically. "As soon as you get out of that chair I'm going to show you how we keep books in 1914. That 1896 method isn't used any more by up-to-date bookkeepers."

He arose hastily, and in a flurried effort to find something to do, he seized upon the typewritten letters and began examining them minutely.

"See here!" he suddenly exploded. "This isn't the way I dictated my order to Smelly & Fox. What do you mean by writing these letters in such an imperative tone?"

"Oh," replied Miss Brenner, without lifting her head, "that style is readily accepted nowadays. Those firms are looking for business, not literature," and with one stroke of her pen she crossed out a whole page of Silas' Journal entries.

"Well, I'll be—" began Silas, limply, but he ended with a gasp. Without paying any attention to him the young girl walked over to the safe and opened it as though she had been working that same combination every day of her life.

"Now what are you after?"

"How on earth do you suppose I can give you a balance sheet without knowing your cash? Your accounts are pretty well muddled up

here, and I've got enough work to do to straighten them out, so please don't interrupt me," and she ran swiftly through a pile of bank-notes, sorting the different denominations, stacking them, and finally counting the bills like an experienced bank teller.

And so she worked until eleven o'clock, when with a sigh of relief, she handed Silas a balance sheet.

"That's the most intricate problem I ever attempted to solve," she said, and Silas, glad to know his financial status, nodded smilingly. His grouch was leaving him fast and Johnny, noticing this, softly whistled an Irish ditty.

At eleven-thirty, Miss Brenner put on her wraps and started for the door. With her hand on the knob, she turned and said:

'I'm going out to luncheon now. Don't expect me back before one o'clock. I've got a little shopping to do," and she was gone.

"Was there ever another like her?" asked the completely conquered Silas. "She certainly is on to her business, but if I'm not careful, she'll own this establishment before she's many days older. I wonder who she is! Miss Marion Brenner, of course, but then there might be a million Misses Marion Brenner. I wonder who she is!"

But when she returned at precisely one o'clock, he was no farther in his mental questioning than when he began wondering.

"I stopped at the postoffice and brought your mail," she said by way of greeting. "Do you want me to open it for you?"

"Yes, please do."

"Here's a letter I think you'd better open for yourself," she announced, selecting one from the group and carelessly tossing it toward him, leaving him to pick it up when it fell to the floor. With a sigh, Silas recognized his son's handwriting, and wondering what new calamity lay in store for him, he opened the letter and read aloud:

> "Dear Dad—Having allowed you a couple of hours to recover from the shock which the news of my marriage undoubtedy gave you, I am now writing to let you know that Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Paige, until recently students at Harvard now on their honeymoon trip, will stop and visit you June 16, 1914. Don't forget to telegraph the $100. Lovingly, Ralph.
>
> "P. S.—Please remember, dad, She's a Peach!"

"Humph! A peach! If she's anything like that worm-eaten bushel I saw in front of Giovanni's this morning, she's some peach!"

"Oh! Did your son get married?" asked Miss Brenner.

"Yes! So he writes," answered Silas, sourly, "and he's going to bring his 'blushing bride' home tomorrow evening! Ha! ha! A peach! I'll bet he got a lemon, and the most sour one on Life's tree at that!"

"Well, you don't need to speak that way about someone you've never met!" flared Miss Brenner. "I knew your son at college and I knew the girl he went with, and the's too good a girl to be spoken of in that way!"

"What! Did you go to Harvard?" asked Silas in amazement, and without waiting for an answer, he added, "What sort of a girl is she?"

"Well," she began hesitatingly, "she's about my size—"

"Is she as pretty?"

"Every bit of it!"

"I hope she's as practical."

"You needn't worry about that! She is every bit as practical as I am."

"If she only is," muttered Silas. "If she only is!"

"Now, how are you going to receive your son?" asked Miss Brenner. "Are you going to give a little dance?"

"No!" he roared. "Let him be satisfied if I let him into the house."

"Now! Now!" admonished Miss Brenner. "Don't get excited about it. He's your only child, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And what did your father do when you got married,—did he rave and roar as you are doing now?"

"Not if I remember correctly. My wedding was one of the few social successes of that year. It was a real swell affair," and his features softened as his thoughts wandered back to the time when he "had taken the plunge."

"And why can't your son enjoy these same privileges? Are you going to shut down on him because he is young and you have lost your youth? If I were you I'd get busy and have a little reception for him, tomorrow evening. I know of an orchestra which can furnish music fit for a queen's wedding. Besides, I know enough about social affairs to arrange for refreshments, dancing, and so forth. I am fairly well ac-

quainted with Philadelphian society and I know just about the crowd your son would want. It will come pretty high, but if it isn't worth that to see your son happy on the greatest occasion of his life, then you aren't worth having for a father."

Silas could only gasp at this eager torrent of speech.

"Now, here," continued Miss Brenner, taking up a pen and writing in his check-book, "here is a check for seven hundred fifty, only waiting for your signature. If you sign this check I'll manage this little dance and give you the pleasantest surprise of your life. Will you do it? Come," she added, smiling brightly at him, "take this pen and sign," and the smile did the work. Silas signed.

"Now," continued Miss Brenner, business-like as ever, "I'll just go out and arrange the details of hiring the help, and getting your house-servants ready. No, never mind," as Silas offered her a card, "I know where you live. Is your car out in front?"

"Yes."

"All right, I'll use it, as I must hasten," and with a hurried good-bye she was gone.

"Well, what do you know about that?" asked the amazed Silas, aloud. "Just supposing she cashes that check and skips with the money," and he groaned at the very thought. "But no," he continued, "I don't believe she'd do that. I can trust that girl. I wish Ralph had married her!"

"Telegram for you sir," said Johnny, entering at this moment. Silas tore it open and read:

> "Never mind the hundred, dad. Some kind friend just telegraphed me two hundred. Ralph."

"Ting-a-ling!" He had just finished reading the telegram when the phone rang.

"Hello!" said Silas, placing the receiver at his ear.

"Hello!" answered a feminine voice. "Is this Mr. Paige?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Miss Brenner. I thought your son would need more than one hundred for his immediate expenses so I wired him two hundred. Hope you don't object. Good-bye," and before Silas could say

a word, he heard the click of the receiver at the other end of the line as Miss Brenner hung it up.

"Well, of all the nerve!" he ejaculated, limply.

* * * * * *

At five o'clock he dismissed Johnny, and five minutes later was hailing a passing taxi. Giving the chauffeur his address, he was quickly driven to his home in the suburbs. It was a beautiful, large residence, situated in a spacious lot, with many oak trees, and because of these trees the home was called "Twin Oaks."

Awaiting him at the door was Miss Brenner.

"Well, how on earth did you do it?" asked Silas, in surprise.

"Oh," replied the young lady, smiling sweetly, "everything seemed to work out just right. I left my orders at the florist's and caterer's and they will be here early in the morning. Then I came here with the invitations and sent Jackson to deliver them. I think it will be best for me to remain here now, until the reception is over, as it will take every minute to get everything ready on time. The butler, Thomas, and Marie, the maid, are taking up the rugs in the parlor and polishing the floors, so the dancing will be nice. Oh, by the way, do you tango? No? Oh, you must let me teach you. It's all the rage now," and she laughed merrily, as Silas raised his hands in a horrified protest.

"That dance is simply scandalous," declared Silas, sternly. "I won't allow it in my house!"

"Oh, yes, you will, because the people I have invited can't dance anything else. You simply can't object to tangoing. That would ruin the whole party."

"Very well," he grunted, resignedly. "Now, where are you going to sleep while you are here?"

"In the blue room," answered the smiling young lady, confidently. "I think that is where the bride should sleep, so I will stay there tonight and then I can arrange things to suit the bride, or as I think they will appeal to her."

"But see here!" insisted Silas, "how under the sun am I going to explain your presence to the neighbors?"

"Why, tell them I'm your new housekeeper," she answered, quietly.

"But you're not!" informed Silas, impatiently.

"But I am," replied Miss Brenner, serenely, placing her hands on her hips and drawing herself up to her full height. Her five feet three

appeared to Silas like six feet six and he hastily dropped the subject, realizing that he was losing his hold on himself.

"And if you stay here to manage this affair, what's to become of the office?"

"Oh! Johnny can typewrite. I know you never saw him doing it. He always took care that you didn't, but there isn't an office boy in the city who doesn't learn, by hook or by crook, to typewrite, if there's a machine in his employer's office. And the books you can let go for a day. Now, I must hurry and instruct the butler exactly as to his duties. By the way, you'll have to go to the office in a taxi tomorrow. I have some shopping to do and I haven't much money left from the check, so please leave about five blank checks on the mantelpiece, sometime to-night," and she ran from the room before he had time to give articulate utterance to a strong protest. Instead, he deliberately took out his check-book, signed his name on a half dozen pages, ripped them out and placed them on the mantelpiece as directed.

"She's mighty commanding, but somehow or other, I like that girl. Oh! If that fool boy of mine had only realized what she is worth. It's queer, but I don't feel a bit nervous about the way she is going to fill in those checks."

"Dinner is served, sir," announced the butler, as he entered the room, and then, peering cautiously about, he asked:

"Ahem! If I might make so bold, sir, who might the young lady be, sir?"

"Never mind who she is, Thomas," replied Silas, smiling a trifle. "Just do as she tells you. She knows what she's doing!"

"Yes, sir." And Thomas stood aside for him to pass into the dining room, where he found Miss Brenner seated at the table carving a chicken with the skill of a French chef.

"You seem to be a Jack-of-all-trades," smiled Silas, seating himself opposite her.

"Well," exclaimed Miss Brenner, "that's fine!"

"What is?" he asked, wonderingly, thinking she took his remark for a compliment.

"Why, that's the first jest you've attempted as long as I've known you," was the happy reply. "I really think you are beginning to like me."

"And I know it!" was the hearty response. "I tell you, when one goes through what I have endured during the past two weeks and then someone like you comes along,—well, I feel so relieved already, that I almost have to jest. I almost changed into a bear during those two weeks."

"I should say you did!" agreed Miss Brenner emphatically. "When I came into your office this morning, I was almost afraid of you. But I made up my mind to answer you in the same way in which you spoke to me. I guess I forgot myself, for I know I've been literally ordering you around your own office and home."

"I don't think it did me any harm," replied Silas, reassuringly.

"Don't you think someone ought to meet your son at the depot, tomorrow?"

"Why, yes."

"Very well, then, I'll attend to that. I've decided to have another wedding here in the house, so it will seem more realistic to you."

"That would be fine," said Silas. "I will like that very much."

"I've planned a surprise for you," she said. "It's to take place tomorrow night, and if you want to get the full benefit of it you will have to do just as I command. Now, come into the reception room," and she led the way. "Here," she said, when they were standing in the middle of the floor, "is where they are going to build a splendid little altar, with a canopy of real roses. The bridal couple will come in that door and walk between two rows of potted shrubs to the altar, where the ceremony will be performed. A semi-circle of seats will be arranged here for the guests, and you are to sit still until the ceremony is completed. The musicians will be over in that corner, hidden by any number of palms. It will be very easy for the dancers in the drawing room or parlor to hear the music. Then, on the balconies there will be four little bowers, so temptingly arranged, that I'm willing to wager a thousand dollars that more than one couple of our guests will speak the deciding words tomorrow night. And, of course, the entire house will be decorated with smilax. All I want to know is, what minister do you prefer?"

"Why, Mr. Dawson will do as well as any."

"Very well, then I must see him early in the morning.. Oh, by the way, I have something else to tell Thomas. Please send him to me here."

"Is this to be private?" asked Silas smilingly, as he was leaving the room.

"Yes; very."

A few minutes later, Thomas entered the room.

"You sent for me, ma'am?" he inquired, respectfully.

"Yes, Thomas. It concerns the wedding I was telling you about. Now, when you hear two honks of an auto horn tomorrow night, I want you to open that door and announce,

'Mr. Ralph and Miss Mary Mannering,'

and then, no matter what happens,—no matter what you see or hear,—stand by the door as cool and calm as usual. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Thomas. "Does anyone else know of this?"

"No," replied Miss Brenner, mysteriously, "not even Mr. Paige. It's a secret between you and me. Keep mum!"

"Yes, ma'am," bowed Thomas, and almost bursting with the importance of his secret, he left the room.

Almost immediately, Silas entered.

"May I come in now?" he asked. "I saw Thomas go and I thought I might enter."

"Yes. Thomas has his instructions. I have included several elderly people in my invitations, Mr. Paige," she replied. "I thought you would like to have some people of your age here, so you wouldn't feel strange. Among others, I have invited Mr. and Mrs. Mannering."

"Good!" exclaimed Silas. "Why, I went to Harvard myself with Mannering. Tell me,—I don't believe I've asked you as yet,—what is, or rather, what was my daughter's-in-law name?"

"I promised not to tell," smiled Miss Brenner, "but I don't think you will be disappointed in her."

"I'm sure I won't if she resembles you in any way," replied Silas, smilingly, as she laughingly left the room, saying,

"I have a very busy day ahead of me for tomorrow, so I must bid you good night, now," and she was gone to her room, laughingly murmuring to herself, "I wonder what he'll say!"

* * * * * *

"Bang! Bang!" Silas stirred uneasily in bed.

"Bang! Bang!!" Half awake, Silas groaned and turned over.

"Bang!! Bang!!!" With a grunt of disgust, Silas opened his eyes and sat up very erectly in bed. He reached out and pulled the window

shade to one side, and, in the east, he beheld the most beautiful sunrise he had ever seen. The fiery orb was just sticking its glowing brow over the horizon to see if darkness had disappeared, and as soon as he was satisfied, the sun came up boldly and brazenly and flashed his brilliant beams over the earth. The great day had dawned!

"BANG! BANG!!"

"What in thunder is the matter down there?" he grumbled, as the sounds of hammering from below continued. As no answer suggested itself to him and as he very sensibly realized that he could not sleep with that racket going on, he decided to get up and dress, and he suited the action to the thought.

After his cold tub and hasty shave he felt much better and more agreeable, so that it was in a pleasant state of mind that he descended the stairs to discover who was arousing him at this untimely hour. The noise came from the reception room, and thither he turned his footsteps. Upon entering the room a strange sight met his eyes. These people must have been working all night to have accomplished so much! The scene represented to Silas a miniature cathedral built on a radical plan. In the center of the room was a small platform with two steps leading up to it. A small, but realistic pulpit was built at the edge of the platform in which the pastor should stand, and the carpenters were just finishing the skeleton for the rose canopy which was to add to the beauty of the scene. From the door of the reception hall up to the platform, two rows of potted shrubs flanked a narrow strip of carpet. The musicians' alcove of palms was complete except for the placing of two or three plants, which left an opening for the musicians to enter. Facing the altar were perhaps a hundred chairs, arranged in semi-circles and in the center of the first row, commanding the finest view, were three large easy chairs, with soft leather cushions.

"I wonder who they are for," mused Silas aloud.

"I can tell you," replied Miss Brenner, entering the room at this moment. "You will occupy the center one and the Mannerings will sit on either side of you. Do not forget to arrange this; I won't have time, but it is essential to my plans. Thomas," she turned and called to the butler, who was waiting in the next room with an armful of rugs, glad to be of assistance to the imperative, but kind young lady "who had the run of the house."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas, advancing eagerly.

"Help me arrange these rugs on the altar," and she advanced to the center of the room, Thomas following.

"This place is too busy for me," thought Silas, as he made his way to the dining room. The room was utterly barren, chairs, tables and everything resembling furniture having been removed. Passing thru the dining room he went to the kitchen, where the maid and cook were just polishing the last pieces of silverware. As he turned away from the kitchen he encountered Miss Brenner, who said:

"Now, Mr. Paige, you see we are very busy and I don't think you will even find it comfortable around here today, so you'd best go to the office right away."

"But," protested Silas, "I haven't yet breakfasted!"

"Neither have the rest of us," was the reply. "I think you can get a good breakfast at some restaurant down town. We really haven't time to get anything ready for you."

"Very well," replied Silas, and a few minutes later he was gone. Almost immediately four dressmakers were admitted to the house and hustled into the blue room, where they were closeted with Miss Brenner for about a half hour. When she came out she had her hat and coat on, and a few minutes later she was whirled away in the auto, Jackson at the wheel. They stopped at several stores where Miss Brenner left orders and Silas' checks. At three o'clock they had a light meal at a down town restaurant. At half-past three the young lady entered Silas' office.

"Oh, Mr. Paige," she said breathlessly, "I need one more check. Please give me a blank one. So far I've spent nine hundred, including that spent yesterday. This will positively be the last one. Thank you! Now, will you please go into the outer office? I wish to use your phone. My message is very private," and she thanked him again, as, without a word, he left the room. Only the person to whom she phoned knows what that message was, but it is certain that she made arrangements to meet someone somewhere.

"When you come home tonight," said Miss Brenner to Silas, when he re-entered the office," come through the rear door; the front rooms will be full of busy people," and smilingly she ran out of the room.

"To the Victorian Tailoring Parlors, Jackson," she ordered, as she stepped into the waiting auto. Arrived there, she entered the establish-

ment, met the "someone," surrendered the check and then was driven home. As she stepped from the auto she said:

"At six-thirty, Jackson, I want you to return to the tailor's place, and you will find someone, whom you are to bring to the house, waiting for you."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jackson, respectfully touching his cap, as the young lady turned and entered the house. Everything inside was confusion. There seemed to be a small army at work there, but she did not stop to see how they were doing their work; the blue room held more interest for her, and she made her way there without delay. When she emerged from the room, a short time later, her face was wreathed in smiles.

When Silas entered the house at six-thirty, it was a very flushed Miss Brenner who met him and "shooed" him up the rear stairs to "dress as soon as possible, because the guests will arrive at seven o'clock."

It pleased him to be under the young lady's direction, and therefore he obeyed her immediately. As he ascended the stairs, he found himself looking forward with joyful anticipations to the ceremony.

* * * * * *

At seven-fifteen, Silas, in evening clothes, descended the stairs. At the bottom he stood and stared about. Was this really his own home? Certainly it did not appear to be. The scene confronting him closely resembled a Japanese tea garden. Any number of Japanese lanterns threw their dimmed light on tables and chairs of rustic design, potted flowers and shrubs, and a liberal number of small palm-trees in tubs. The floor was covered with a thick matting which, when one walked on it, gave forth the sound of crackling leaves. It was truly a piece of art, the arrangement of that room, and Silas stood gazing for almost five minutes. Then he made his way to the reception room. At the threshold he paused a moment to become familiar with the scene. This room was even more gorgeously arranged! The lights from four hundred candles, liberally scattered about the room, fell in mellow tones on the brilliant assembly of people, young and old, who were already seated in their chairs, waiting expectantly. The rose canopy was perfect and the bridal path was strewn with flowers. Like the dining room, this room represented a living garden, but the effect was brought about mostly by bright flowers. When he had filled his eyes, Silas made his way to his

seat, nodding and smiling at everyone. He was feeling at least ten years younger than he really was. No doubts now assailed his mind as to the quality of the wife his son had chosen.

He greeted the Mannerings heartily and almost immediately started speaking about Harvard, recalling little episodes of their college life, which, like wine, grow better with age.

At exactly seven-thirty things began to happen. There were two sharp toots of an auto horn sounding from outside and almost immediately the door was thrown open and Thomas, in happy tones, announced:

"Mr. Ralph Paige and Miss Mary Mannering!"

Simultaneously with this announcement, the orchestra, effectively concealed in their palm alcove, swung softly into the beautiful strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and then down the flower-strewn pathway they came, the minister following.

Silas stretched his neck to see closely. How handsome his tall son looked, and how proud! Then he looked at the figure by his side. Yes, she was beautiful, and she did look like Miss Brenner. She was looking straight at him, now, smiling brightly. Why— yes, she was winking at him! Silas stared,—how familiar she looked,—that smile,—yes, he was certain of it now,—it was Miss Brenner herself. So this was the surprise she had promised him. Well, Silas wasn't sorry, and while the minister was speaking the important words which united them forever, he leaned over to his old college chum and asked:

"Did you know of this?"

"No," was the reply, "I didn't even know she was in town!"

At the conclusion of the ceremony, his son's wife rushed over to Silas and with a glowing face threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, saying:

"I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Paige. You see, Ralph and I weren't married at college. He wanted me to, but I insisted on coming here to find out whether the wedding would be satisfactory to you. Your predicament in the office gave me an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with you, but if you hadn't shown that you liked me, there would have been no wedding. Now, what do you think of your son's judgment?"

"It's wonderful!" answered Silas eagerly, and grasping his son by the hand, he added, "I don't see how the young fool did it!"

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A few hours later at the table with the Mannerings and the newly-married couple, Silas, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, arose and proposed a toast:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: For a good many years, I have been in the habit of looking on all of my son's doings as foolish, but his judgment in choosing a wife more than atones for all past performances. I drink to the new mistress of Twin Oaks, My Son's Wife.!"

EMIL J. KRIEG, 1914.

Conjugium Deorum

After years of wooing and struggling, Peleus, king of Phthia, finally won Thetis, daughter of Nereus and Doris, for his companion in this life. For many weeks, Thetis and her servants had been preparing for her marriage. The coral caves of Nereus, beneath the wind-tossed billows were fit places to celebrate the marriage of one whom Jupiter and Neptune both had tried in vain to secure.

The work of preparing such a banquet did not fall into the hands of one individual, nor of two; but, even the gods had to extend their help to this great festival. Vulcan was very heavily burdened; his task was to forge out on his magic anvil fifty beautiful chairs of gold and ten tables, covered with rare jewels. But by far the best example of his skill was a ring of gold, the gift of Peleus to his future wife. Doris, Thetis' mother, whose task it was to prepare a banquet, pleasing to both gods and men, was busily engaged in producing such delicacies as nectar, ambrosia and sweet-smelling wines. Although taxed with all this work, she did not forget to supervise the building of a large magic boat, equally staunch in a calm and rough sea, to be drawn by fifty pure white swans, for the sole purpose of allowing the happy bride to traverse her father's realm, during her mortal honeymoon. Mercury, commissioned by Jupiter, was deliverer of all the invitations to both mortals and gods.

The joviality of the gathering at this festival was greatly enhanced by the presence of many great divinities and a large assemblage of mor-

tal rulers and kings. At the appointed hour, almighty Zeus arrived, accompanied by Victoria, most beloved of his attendants,—Fama, the hundred-tongued goddess of fame,—and the goddess of Fortune, poised on a constantly revolving wheel. So much did Jupiter love Ganymedes, his new cup-bearer, who recently had replaced Hebe, who had been removed from her office because of carelessness, that he allowed him the use of a golden chariot drawn by pure white steeds. Just so he came on this spectacular night and very different he looked, since leaving his mean occupation of tending sheep on the woody slope of Mount Ida. Next in joyful company, in jovial conversation came jealous Juno, beautiful Venus and shrewd Minerva, goddess of Wisdom, all unaware of what unfriendly words would be spoken by each later on. What a pretty sight it was as this immortal company descended from heaven to the coral caves beneath the sea!

Peleus had not forgotten his mortal friends, with whom he wished to keep on friendly terms, in order to rule successfully his great kingdom. Perseus, king of the insular power of Crete, was there with a brilliant retinue. Priam, king of Troy, assembled his frend on the Trojan shore and sailed over the sea to the scene of festivals. The king of Greece and many other minor lords and rulers received long-for invitations.

When all the guests had assembled, the wedding ceremony occupied their attention first. The main hall of the extensive caves was remodeled and shaped like an amphitheatre; seats were made of pure marble and the ceiling shone and glistened with long pointed crystals, all decorated with golden streamers, bearing short witty phrases suitable for the occasion. Five vestal virgins with flaming torches led the bridal procession. The ceremony was very simple, consisting merely in having Juno pronouncing Peleus and Thetis man and wife.

After the wedding ceremony had been duly carried out, all retired to the banquet hall. Gold was in evidence everywhere and making a marked contrast with the beautiful white walls of this coral palace. Jupiter, by virtue of his power, seated himself at the head of the main table with frivolous Juno at his side. The bridal party of Peleus and his wife remained at the lower end, while the rest of the guests seated themselves around the other nine tables wrought by Vulcan.

Very ceremoniously, the king of gods and men ended his toast with telling what the fates had decreed would be the outcome of this happy

marriage; namely, that the son of Thetis would be greater than his father. Many were the toasts and pledges of friendship offered at the heavenly board and long did the feast and its festivities continue. Everyone was eager for his or her turn at giving a short talk.

At last, when all their appetites were satisfied, the entire party withdrew to another large hall, decorated entirely in pure white. Here the joyous crowd broke up into small groups, telling each other of their various fortunes and their affairs of love, which they had experienced during their lives. By far the most interesting group of all was that of Jupiter and Neptune. Why should it not be, for it was these same two immortal rulers that had wooed long for the hand of fair Thetis?

Jupiter, always taking the honor to speak first, told how successful he was; but after consulting the three weird sisters of fate, who told him that the son of the daughter of Nereus would be far greater than his father, he pondered this reply in heavenly way, until he decided to renounce the marriage, that he might avoid such sure severing of his powers over gods and men. Neptune told how he had wooed her amidst the very depths of his blue waters. He showed her the wonders of the sea and so pleased was she that she fell immediately in love with him and consented to marry him. But the fates still held that her son would be greater than his father; Neptune receiving no words more favorable than those given to Jove, considered it unwise to give up his kingdom and allow some unknown mortal descendant to wield his mighty powers. Minerva advised him that it was best to renounce the marriage and to allow Thetis to marry some powerful king. This greatly offended the daughter of Nereus, but when she saw Peleus, she readily consented to such an agreement. Thus it came about that, although wooed by great divinities, the fates intervened and Thetis married a mortal king.

One of the other most light-hearted groups was that of Juno, Venus and Minerva; they, who had witnessed many a similar occasion such as this. Why should they not be in a happy frame of mind, for if they were not so, would not the entire company be affected by their example? They surely lent an air of real enjoyment to the entire assemblage.

Is it not human nature to desire to do some mischief in return, when we have been slighted or wronged? Among the uninvited, Eris, the ugly goddess of discord, was omitted because of her snaky locks and violent temper. To seek revenge she suddenly appeared at the banquet in the midst of the festivities. Her artful mind quickly contrived the

means to end the harmony of all those present. After standing at the portal for quite a long time, and viewing all, she breathed upon them with her poisonous breath and threw in their midst an apple of gold, bearing the inscription, "To the Fairest." Would not this create a great disturbance among mortal men and women and surely no less so with the powers above? Every god and goddess and even some mortal women immediately strove to gain the prize; but finally, everyone gave way except Juno, Venus and Minerva, who hotly contested for the honor of keeping this prize.

Haughty Discord stood near the threshold, enjoying to the utmost, this mean trick of hers. Juno declared she surely ought to have it, her reason being that she was the queen of the gods and supreme in majesty and power. Proud Venus haughtily asserted that the goddess of beauty had the best claim of anything that was intended for the fairest. Minerva contended that her wisdom and knowledge were far better assets than external charms. At first the guests were willing to act as judges, but all seemed loath to do this, when the three contestants declared their intention to use all their power against the persons not judging according to the contestants' desires. At this instant, Jove came forward and determined to end the feud immediately. With his keen and far-seeing eyes, he scoured the whole world for a young man whom he thought to be the fairest of the world's fair men. His eye was soon fixed upon the heights of Mount Ida, where a young shepherd was tending his flocks. He quickly sent his messenger to the young lad and bad him brought to his presence. This fair herdsman was none other than the son of Priam, king of Troy, Paris by name. It was decided at this divine tribunal that Paris should settle the question of who was the fairest on the next day.

Thus ended the marriage ceremony and banquet of Peleus and Thetis amid great disorder and strife; everyone gave some excuse for leaving this disgraceful scene, which was entirely due to the foul efforts of Eris. Many wars of bloodshed and years of strife followed in the wake of Paris' judgment because of the jealousy of Juno and Minerva, whom the prince of Troy wronged by not considering them the fairest.

Written by FRANKLIN WM. BROMM.

French

LES ÉCOLES DE FRANCE.

Ce n'est pas une chose facile, pour un étranger d'apprecier justement et avec impartialité les institutions d'un autre pays. Chaque pays a ses propres habitudes, ses propres traditions, et ses institutions sont le résultat de ses coutûmes. Malgré les critiques, qu'on puisse offrir contre les présentes coutûmes de France, les conditions existantes peuvent être et très probablement sont les meilleur, qui s'adaptent à l'humeur et aux besoins du peuple français. Puisque les orginisations politiques de France et de l'Amérique sont si différentes, il faut donner un contour bref du gouvernement français pour comprendre le système d'éducation. En France et en Algérie il y a quatre-vingt-dix départements. Chaque département se divise en plusiers arrondissements, chaque canton contient plusiers communes. Parlant généralement, les départements correspondent aux états américains, les arondissements à leurs comtés, et les communes à leur villes. Le canton est purement un district administratif.

Il y a dix-sept divisions d'éducation en France et en Algérie, qui s'appellent académies et à la tête de chacune est un recteur, qui est nommé par le président de la république française. Le gouvernement national exerce une autorité directe sur tous les departements d'éducation. En France quoique les petites divisions politiques ont certains pouvoirs d'initiative et d'autorité. On donne une meilleure éducation dans les universitées, et il y a une pour chaque académie. On reçoit l'éducation secondaire dans les lycées et les collèges.

Aujourd' hui le système d'éducation française est un des plus centralizés du monde. En 1889 les maîtres de l'école communale étaient faits fonctionnaires et commencèrent à recevoir leurs appointements du trésor national. A la tête de ce système d'éducation est un homme dont le titre est "Le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux Arts." Ce ministre a un cabinet qui s'appelle "comité du contentieux," et il se

compose de dix-sept membres. Ce cabinet n'a pas de pouvoir, il est seulement un cabinet de conseil. Les appointements des maîtres de la France sont très petits en les comparant avec ceux de l'Amérique. Ceux, qui sont le mieux élevés, et ont le plus proéminentes positions, ne reçoivent que mille francs par an.

Il y a plus d'instituteurs en France que d'institutrices, même dans les plus basses classes. Mais les hommes n'ont presque rien à faire avec l'éducation des filles, parce qu'il faut que toutes les écoles des filles soient sous l'instruction d'une femme.

Nulle ville, excepté Paris, n'a plus d'un lycée des garçons. Paris en a douze, variant en nombre d'élèves de Labanal avec quatre cents élèves à Janson de Sailly avec vingt-un cents.

A décrire comme ces lycées sont bâtis, je prendrai une école particulière. Le Lycée Janson de Sailly est un bon type d'une école française. On l'a complété il y a dix-neuf ans. Il est situé dans la plus nouvelle et plus élégante partie de Paris. Il couvre la plus grande portion d'un carré et comprend plus de huit arpents de terre, un tiers étant occupé par les structures differentes, les autres deuxtiers étant laissé désocupés et divisés en parterres fournis libéralement avec des arbres. Les structures sont principalement de trois étages, de pierre et de brique, avec la plus grande portion du rez-de-chaussée cédée aux salles-de-classe. Au deuxième étage sont les laboratoires et les dortoirs. Au troisième étage sont d'autres dortoirs et chambres pour les domestiques qui demeurent à l'école. Le gymnase occupe le centre d'une petite puèce de terre. Entre le gymnase et l'entrée se trouve "la cour d'honeur," et un jeune garçon n'ose y pénétrer.

La plupart des salles-de-classe françaises sont très stériles. Les murailles de ces salles sont sans ornements exepté une carte de géographie occasionelle et un petit tableau noir. C'est très maladroit car un maître français ne peut envoyer qu'un élève au tableau noir. Pour nettoyer ce tableau, il y a une piéce de calicot ou une séche éponge,qui n'est pas très hygiénique. Les écoles françaises ordinairement sont très mal éclairées et chauffées.

Le travail gymnastique, qu'on donne dans les écoles est si facile que les garçons n'ont pas d'habits gymnastiques. Les garçons simplement ôtent leur gilets.

Nulle école secondaire est complète sans son infirmerie. Cette infirmerie a sa propre cuisine et salle-a-manger, sa salle pour les maladies

contagieuses, son service de santé et un ou plusieurs médecins de l'école, qui viennent aussitôt qu'on les appelle. En entrant il faut que les élèves internes prennent une armoire compléte et soumettrent le certificat de naissance, un certificat de vaccination, un certificat de bonne conduite, un bulletin, qui rend compte de deur instruction de religion et l'autres informations.

L'année scolaire en France est très longue. Elle se prolonge du premier Octobre au premier août, et n'est qu'interrompu par une vacance qui est d'environ deux semaines aux Pâques. Il n'y a pas de classes le dimanche, mais les élèves internes ont une heure pour étudier le dimanche. Jeudi est la réguliere fête séculière. Le jeudi, dans l'aprés midi, les garçons sortent dans leurs bleues uniformes, quelquefois ils vont à la campagne pour marcher, ou à un musée voisin. Il faut qu'ils marchent ensemble et qu'ils parlent à basse voix à ces occasions. Au delà de Pâques, il n'y a pas de travail les jours suivants; Le jour de La Toussaint, de Nöel, de la Pentecôte, le jour de l'Ascension, et le quatorze juillet. Il faut que les garçons se lévent tous les matins à cinq heures et quelquefois à cinq heures et demie en été et une demie heure plus tard en hiver. Il y a toujours une heure avant le petit déjeuner. On sert ce déjeuner vers sept heurs et il se compose d'une tasse de chocolat et de pain. On sert le déjeuner vers douze heures et c'est le premier repas abondant du jour. Il se compose de viande, de légumes, de fromage ou de désert et d'une bouteille de vin. Quand un garçon entré dans un lycée, on lui donne un numéro, qu'on met sur tous ses choses. Il n'est jamais seul. Ses maitres projettent son travail et il n'a rien à faire que suivre leurs conseils. It n'est pas surprennant, qu'un écolier français ait moins de contrôle sur lui-même, moins de dexterité exécutive et en général soit moins capable à résondre les problèmes, qu'il doit affronter, qui les garçons anglais ou américains du même âge.

MARION D. HAWKINS, '14.

Die Glocke

Die zum Giessen der Glocke nötige Form wird in einer Grube aus Lehm hergestellt und zwar zuerst durch die Errichtung des sogenannten Kerns, welcher den inneren Hohlbau der Glocke bildet und durch hölzerne Schablonen geformt wird. Um diesen Kern wird der aus Lehm und Steinen hergestellte Mantel gebaut.

Durch vorsichtig gestampfte Dammerde erhält der Mantel seinen Widerstand gegen das heisse Metall. Um das Sprengen der Form zu verhüten, werden Röhre in den oberen Teil derselben eingelassen, so dass die heissen Dämpfe und Gase, die sich durch die Berührung des heissen Metalles mit der Erde entwickeln, entweichen können.

Die zur Herstellung einer Glocke nötigen Metalle sind Kupfer und Zinn. Nachdem ersteres in sogenannten Schmelzöfen geschmolzen ist, wird dieser flüssigen Masse das Zinn und später, um den Guss zu befördern, Aschensalz hinzugesetzt.

Nachdem der Giesser sich überzeugt hat, dass die geschmolzenen Metalle gut gemischt sind, wird zum Guss geschritten. Der aus Lehm hergestellte Zapfen wird mittels einer langen eisernen Stange ausgestossen, so dass sich das flüssige Metall durch den Trichter in die Form ergiesst.

Nach dem Erkalten der jetzt fertigen Glocke wird der Mantel zerhauen und die Glocke mittels eines Flaschenzuges aus der Dammgrube gezogen.

Der Zweck der Glocke ist ein vielseitiger

Sie begrüsst den Säugling auf seines Lebens erstem Gange, auf welchem er durch den Akt der heiligen Taufe unserer christlichen Genossenschaft einverleibt wird.

Dann wieder ruft sie das Kind zur Schule, woselbt ihm unter der treuen Führung und Leitung des Lehrers Schätze des Wissens aufgeschlossen werden.

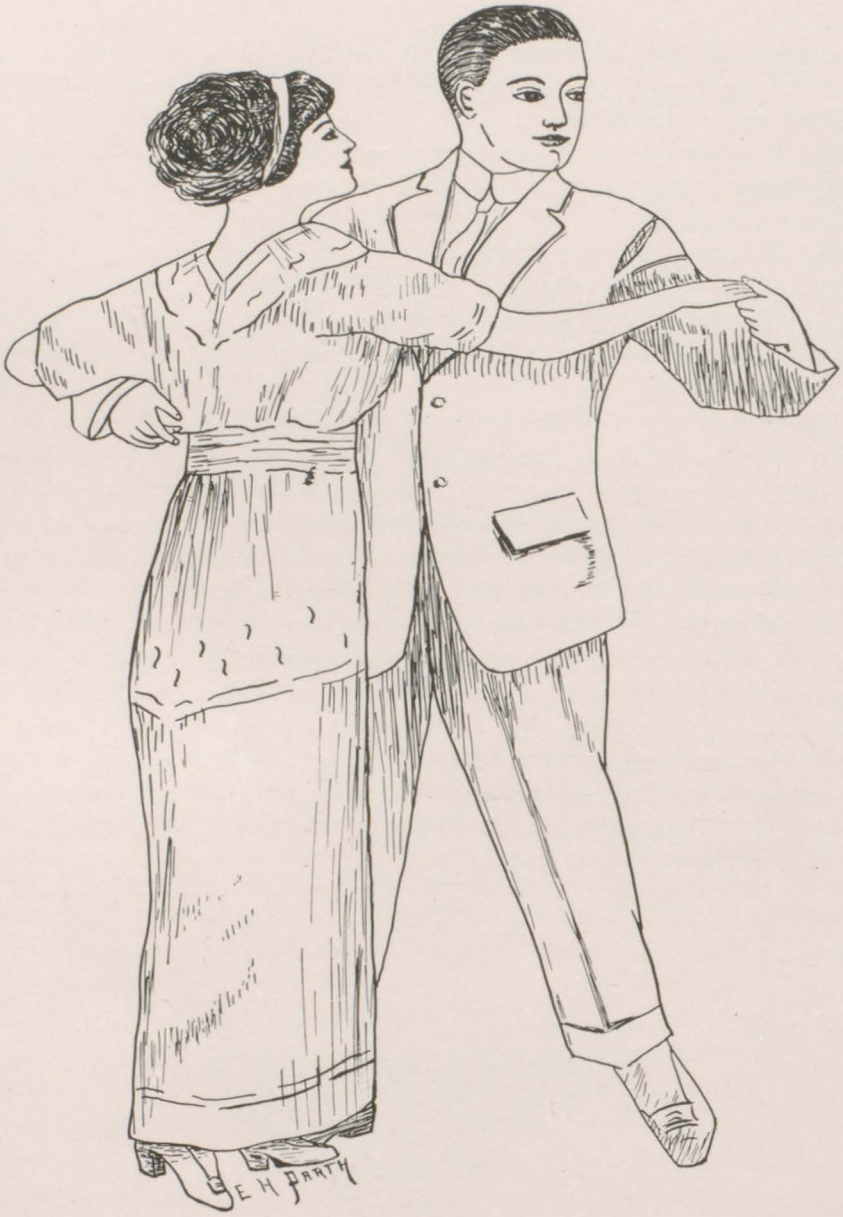
Später wieder ruft sie die Knaben und Mädchen am Konfirmationstage, diesem ersten wichtigen Markstein im Leben des Kindes, um durch den Segen der Kirche in die Gemeinde der Erwachsenen aufgenommen zu werden und am Altar das Bekenntniss ihres Glaubens abzulegen und heilig zu geloben, treu daran zu halten bis in den Tod.

Im Jünglingsalter rufen die hellen Klänge der Glocke die Menschen abermals, um bei der Trauung den Bund zu schliessen für das ganze Leben, und sich zu geloben, treu und unauflöslich zusammen zu halten, was auch kommen möge in künftigen Tagen.

Schrecken und Unheil verkünden ihre dumpfen Töne, wenn sie vom Turme heult und die Nacht sich taghell erleuchtet. Feuerrufe ertönen auf den Strassen, Wohlstand und Leben der Einwohner werden bedroht. Auch wenn andere feindliche Elemente, wie Aufruhr und Krieg, den Bürger zur Warnung und Wehr rufen, verbreiten ihre Töne Unheil und Entsetzen.

Tiefe Trauertöne sendet sie durch die Lüfte, wenn wir den lebensmüden Greis oder den Jüngling, dem der Tod die Sonne im Mittag des Lebens verfinsterte und in der Blüte und Vollkraft des Daseins dahingerafft, zur ewigen Ruhe bestatten.

ELSA WERNER.



SOCIAL

After vainly endeavoring to persuade our faculty advisers to believe that we were old enough to indulge in a real party, we, as Freshmen, settled down to quiet living for a year at least.

However, after a few months of Sophomore life, we made our debut into the world of society by giving a class party. Despite the raging elements, we all gathered together on the appointed Friday to have our share of the merry-making in the gym, which was converted into a perfect bower by the untiring efforts of our class electricians, Izzo and Corrigan, and decorators. The class colors predominated, this idea being effectually carried out in the streamers of maroon and gold, electric bulbs and the huge class shield which was suspended from the running track, from which the numerals flashed intermittently. The party began in earnest with the grand march, which was led by President Otto Wolf and Anna Roth, and which was followed by dancing until eight. Those who did not care to "trip the light fantastic," however, were amused in the various rooms with cards and other games. A buffet luncheon was served in the dining and reception rooms where baskets of jonquils graced the tables. Thus the social career of our Sophomore life drew to a successful close.

With our Junior year came our Junior Hop, which was the most successful ever given. It was decided to have the Hop at the Masonic Temple, as the gym had always been uncomfortably crowded. Here, again, the class colors were used effectively by means of streamers which were fastened to the balcony and met in the center of the ceiling where a huge revolving ball of smilax and poinsettas was suspended. Refreshments were served on the stage, which was banked with palms and poinsettas for the holiday season.

In May we presented our Junior Play, which was also very successful in every way. It, too, was given at the Masonic Temple and con-

sisted of a vaudeville of four acts. Much of the acting was decidedly clever, the minstrel act especially being a perfect scream.

Among those participating were: Lynd Walkling, Walter Gross, Earl Raymond, Howard Patterson, Emil J. Krieg, Jay Lenick, Saul Kanter, Charles Cummings, Franklin Bromm, William Granse, William O'Keefe, Gilbert Brooks, Mildred Packard, Loraine Bradt, Elsa Jane Harris, Florence Baum, Paul Geisler, Ellen Green, Florence Driggs, Ruth McClelland, Helen Roberts, Ruth Robertson, Marie Horning.

In June, we entertained our departing Seniors on the Steamer Melbourne. Cards and dancing were enjoyed on the decks and refreshments were served. The boat returned at nine.

Thus ended the social career of our Junior year.

Upon our entrance into that great awe-inspiring class of Seniors, we were for a time so taken with our dignity that little was thought of giving parties. Finally, however, some of the more aggressive brought up the subject of a class entertainment of some sort. It was then decided to give a class party in the gym and the fact that it was a strictly class party was emphasized. Dancing was enjoyed from eight until twelve, and ices were served. During the evening, Ralph Morley and William Norris, in sailor costume danced the Sailor's Hornpipe. This difficult dance was executed so well that they were forced to respond to an encore. John Hall sang two very pleasing solos, accompanied by Miss Lauer, and the High School Quartet, composed of Shirley Corrigan, Frederick Schmidt, Kurt Opperman and John Hall, sang "The Friar's Song" and "Sitting 'Round the Fire."

Plans are now under way for a Senior Play, but as yet parts have not been assigned. And now, I feel that as we depart and look over High School days, we realize that they have been far from dull.

ELSA JANE HARRIS.

W. I. Hubert

KURT OPPERMANN

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SOPH.

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Houppert, Dorothy
Hout, Frederick
Hudson, Alfred
Jaeger, Henry
Jamieson, Milton
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Johnson, Beatrice
Johnson, Edwin
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Kårol, Pauline
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Kennedy, Vernon
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Klatt, William
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Klenoski, Joseph
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Koehler, Dorothy
Kolbe, Hella
Konts, Hazel
Krabbe, Axel
Krause, Bertha
Krauseneck, Leota
Krebs, Emery
Krebs, Irene
Krebs, Vera
Kurtz, Erwin
La Gear, Raymond
Laking, George
Laible, Esther
Laible, Ruth
Lee, Russel
Leesch, Sterling
Leitow, Edward
Lester, Lloyd
Lind, Helen
Link, Wilmar
Longworth, Henry
Longfelder, Julia
Lyness, Mabel
McCabe, Edmond
McComas, Herbert
McCormick, Granville
McCoy, Irwin
McCrossen, George
McGregor, Hugh
McGregor, Raphael
McKnight, Harold
McLeod, Helen
Macomber, Harold
Main, Amanda
Malcolm, Margaret
Marks, Gerald
Mars, Meldron
Meader, Gladys
Metz, Herman
Meyerhuber, Rosie
Michel, John
Michie, John
Miller, Beatrice
Miller, Katherine
Milligan, Eleanor
Minard, Zella
Mitchel, Howard
Mitts, Wesley

Mix, Eunice
Mowers, Naona
Mueller, Viola
Ohland, Lucille
Opperman, Eugene
Opperman, Ralph
Orr, Donna
Orr, Emma
Otto, Louise
Owen, Floren
Packard, Armand
Paulitz, Helen
Payne, Elizabeth
Pequignot, Cecil
Perkins, Charles
Perry, Blanche
Phillips, Cleland
Pierce, Bessie
Pike, Dorris
Pollen, Ethel
Priess, Chester
Priess, Helene
Prottengeier, Herbert
Rapa, Alfred
Raymond, Chelsie
Reimus, August
Rettman, Morse
Rice, Clara
Robertson, Esther
Robins, Harold
Roth, Margarethe
Rottiers, Emilie
Ruff, Florence
Rummel, Eugene
Runchey, Louis
Rupp, William
Sager, Helena
Sautter, Theodore
Schaitberger, Helen
Schartow, Elsie
Schirmer, Albert
Schmidt, Eva
Schneucker, Henry
Schroeder, Arthur
Schultz, Mathilda
Schwartz, Norman
Scott, Gerald
Scott, Inez
Seyfarth, Lewis
Shreve, Vera
Silliman, Edward
Skilliorn, Earl
Slack, Walter
Sliovar, Albert
Smith, Arthur
Sonnenberg, Henry
Sonner, Lillian
Spence, James
Spencer, Helen
Stapelton, Katharine
Staver, Dorothy
Stevenson, Robert
Stingel, Florence
Stone, George
Strong, Earl
Szwed, Helen
Taylor, Viola
Thompson, Hazel
Thompson, Melvine
Thurman, Lamora
Timchac, Theodore
Tobin, Walter
Waddell, Harold
Waddell, Howard
Wallace, Myra
Warner, Lila
Warner, Ruth
Warren, Leona
Weidenmiller, Florence
Wenger, Wayne
Wesson, Edna
Whatley, Ralph
Whitten, Gladys
Wiencke, Grace
Wilbur, Elsie
Wilkins, Chauncey
Will, Anna
Willis, Marian
Willis, Phoebe
Wilson, Kenneth
Winiecke, Edward
Winston, Rowland
Wood, Lynne
Wooll, Fay
Zimmerman, Edward
Zissler, Edna

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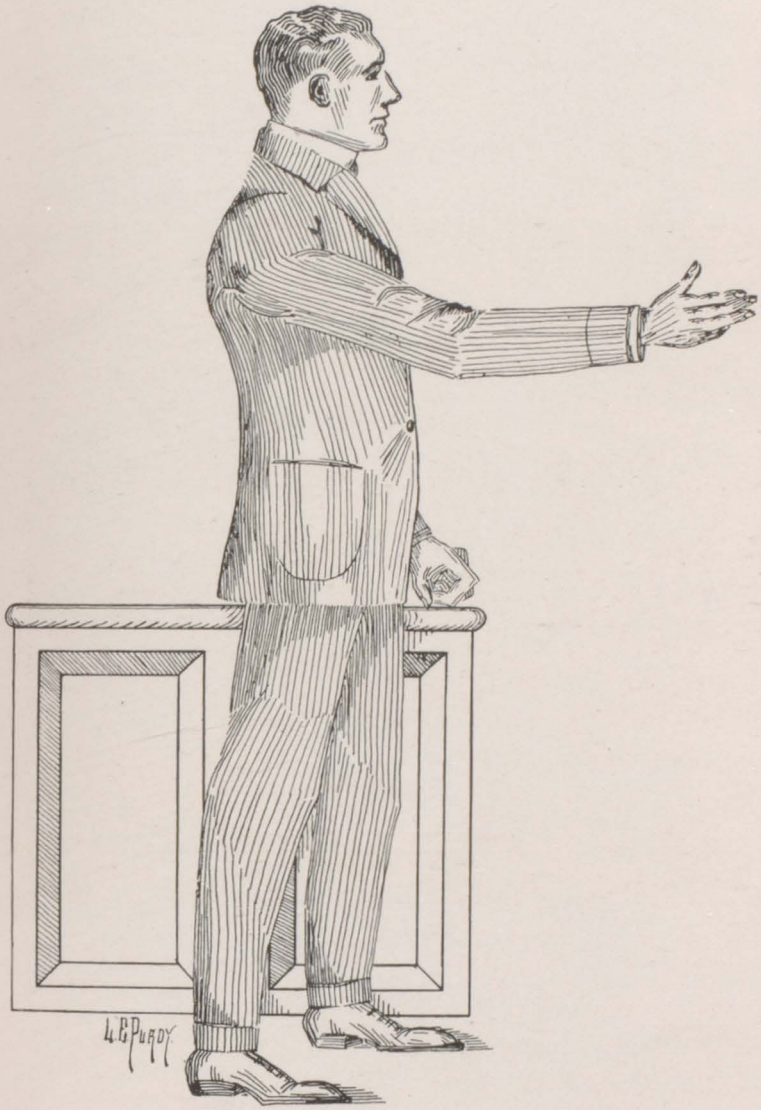
HELEN WOODRUFF
LYNDA KOCH
GERALD STANICK

HAROLD POPP
E. HUGO MEIBEYER

KATHLEEN PIKE
RUFUS LOVELAND
WILLIAM WHATLEY

MEETING OF EXECUTIVE STAFF



LYCEUM

LYCEUM

Lyceum

YELL

Kaboo kabo,
Karoo karo,
Lyceum, Lyceum.
Ho! ho! ho!

OFFICERS

First Semester, 1914

W. E. WHATLEY ..... President
NEIL HACKSTADT ..... Vice-President
WILLIAM O'KEEFE ..... Secretary-Treasurer
CHARLES CUMMINGS ..... Marshal

Second Semester, 1914

WILLIAM O'KEEFE ..... President
ARNOLD SCHIRMER ..... Vice-President
W. E. WHATLEY ..... Secretary-Treasurer
HENRY SHANNON ..... Marshal

First Semester, 1915

W. HUMPHREY, JR. ..... President
G. McCORKLE ..... Vice-President
A. WEADOCK ..... Secretary-Treasurer
S. CORRIGAN ..... Marshal

ROLL

Bandemer, William
Baumgarten, Albert
Brooks, Gilbert
Corrigan, Shirley
Cummings, Charles
Ewen, Howard
Fox, Adam
French, Wm. P.
Geisler, H. P., Jr.
Goecker, Louis
Gorman, Frank A.
Gross, Walter
Hackstadt, Neil
Humphrey, Watts
Koehler, Arthur
Loveland, Rufus R.
McCorkle, Gerald
O'Keefe, Wm. C.
Oppermann, Kurt
Raymond, Earl E.
Schirmer, Arnold
Scherping, Wm. M.
Schmidt, Frederic
Shannon, Henry
Stanick, Gerald
Symons, Arthur
Walkling, Lynd A.
Wallis, Ralph
Weadock, Arthur S.
Whatley, W. E.
Whitney, George
Wickes, John
Wickes, William
Wilson, Don
Warner, Prin. W. W.

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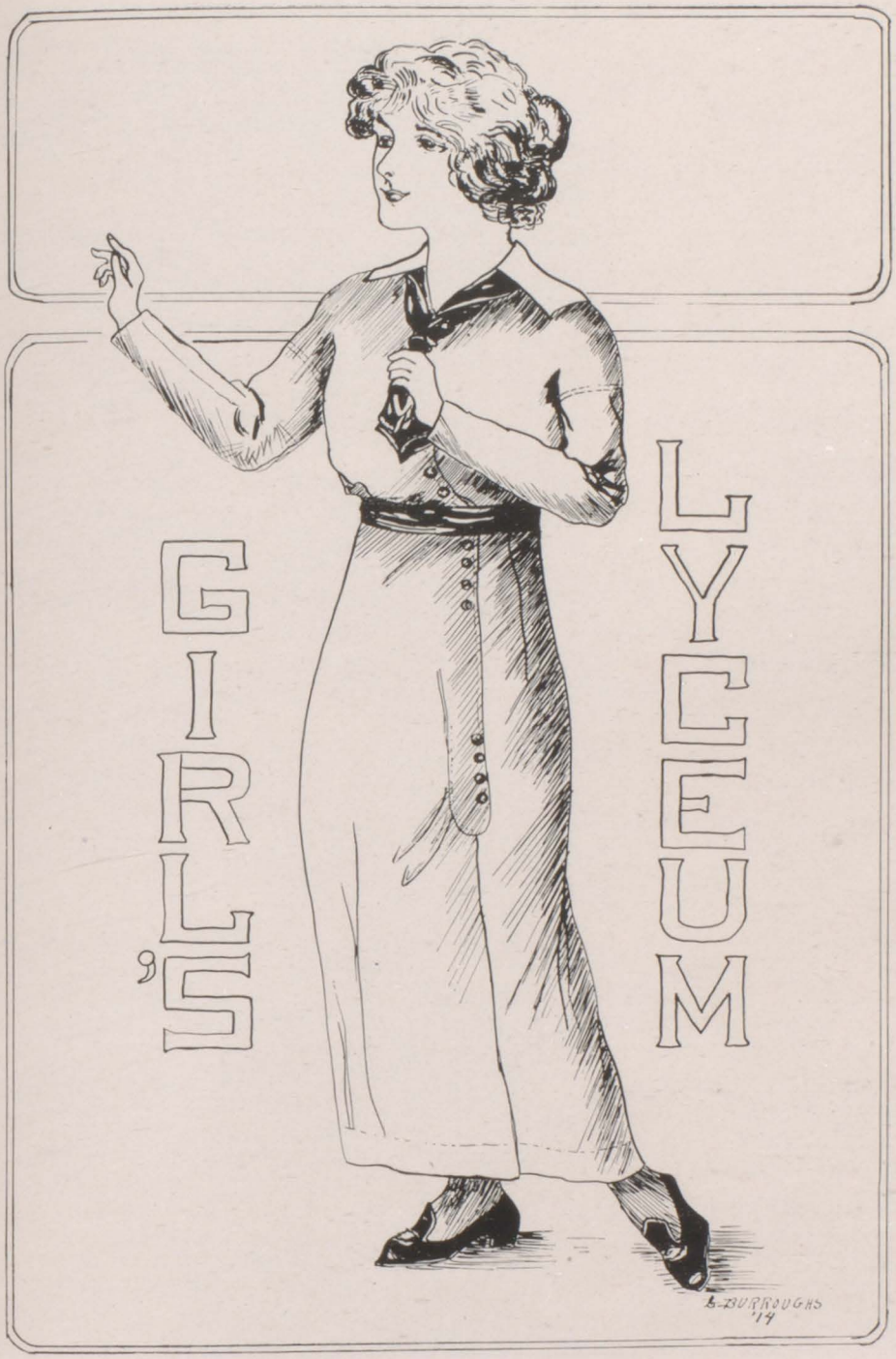
W. MILTON SCHERPING ..... School News
ESTHER HOLLAND ..... Social News
LORRAINE BRADT ..... Theatres

THE "BUNCH"


GIRL'S
LYCEUM
L. BURROUGHS
'14

GIRLS' LYCEUM

Girls' Lyceum

OFFICERS

MARION HAWKINS ..... President
CLARA OTTO ..... Vice-President
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GRACE ABBOT ..... Marshal

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Grace Abbot
Martha Adomeit
Frieda Baker
Reva Barr
Arlene Barton
Florence Baum
Elva Bishop
Hazel Brown
Cecile Burroughs
Gladys Burroughs
Nina Cosendai
Ethel Covey
Myrtle Doerr
Ruth Doersam
Genevieve Fitzgerald
Gertrude Grandy
Marion Hawkins
Margaret Himmelein
Nellie Jerome
Emelie Joseph
Madeline MacGregor
Ruth Miles
Fay Mobray
Bessie Mollhagan
Edna Mundell
Marie Nothelfer
Clara Otto
Pearl Parshal
Hester Schaberg
Gertrude Schroeder
Amanda Schultz
Ruth Thal
Frances VanSickle
Muriel Wilkinson

THENCEAN

Thencean

OFFICERS

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BEATRICE WARNER ..... Secretary
KATHERINE O'KEEFE ..... Treasurer
FRANCES WEADOCK ..... Marshal

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Leila Callam
Florence Driggs
Florence Gubtil
Elsa Harris
Esther Holland
Dorothy Longstreet
Katherine Loveland
Ruth McClelland
Isabelle McCormick
Lizette McCormick
Maud McCormick
Olive McGill
Margaret Moffit
Katherine O'Keefe
Marion Packard
Mildred Packard
Leah Polson
Marjorie Powell
Helen Roberts
Henrietta Seitner
Eleanor Shea
Dorothy Spence
Florence Spencer
Marie Wallace
Beatrice Warner
Frances Weadock
Mae Wienke
Lois Winkler
Lillian Wylie

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

American Literary Society

OFFICERS

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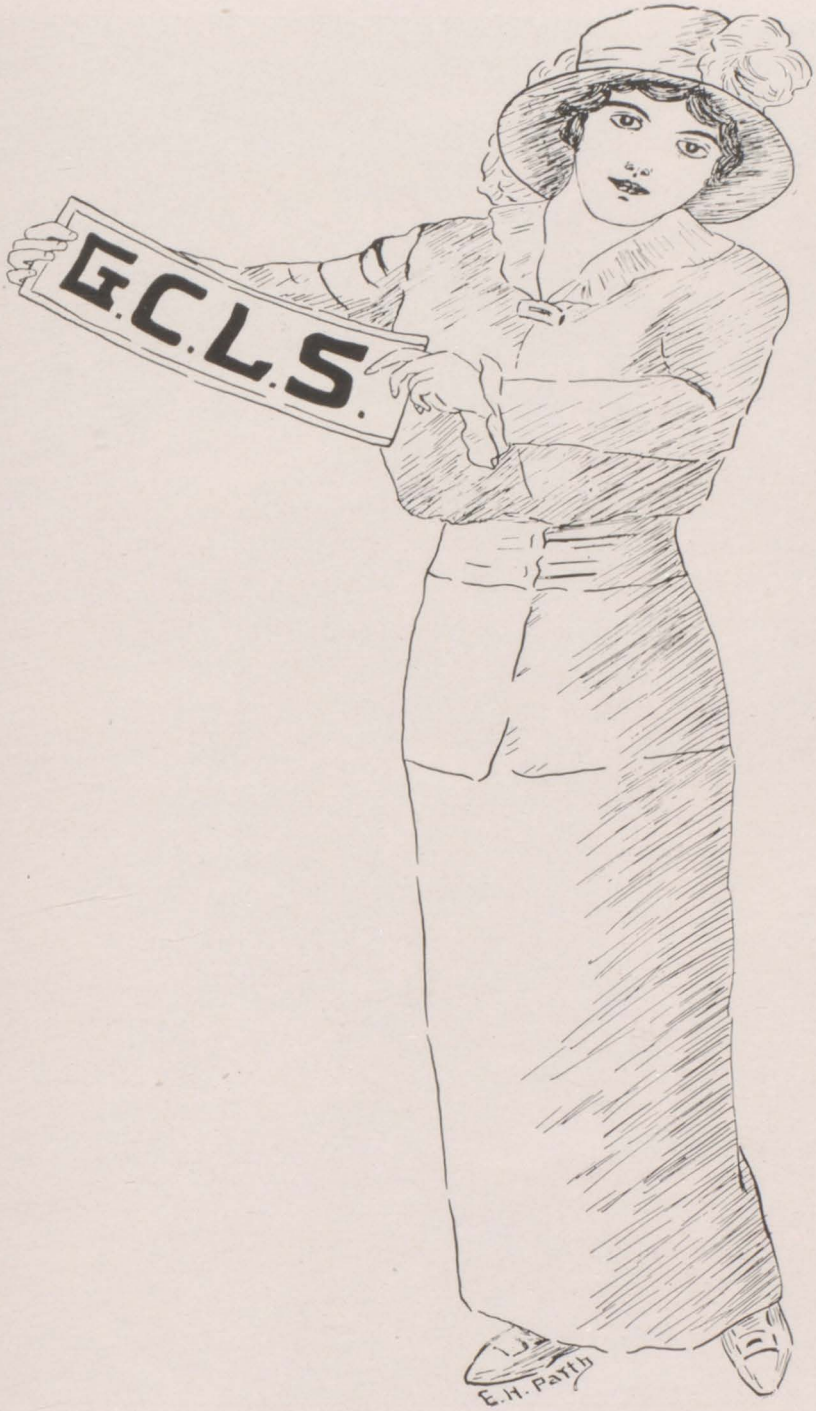
META STEIN ..... Vice-President
SELMA BANDEMER ..... Secretary
RUTH HEINEMAN ..... Treasurer
MARGARET SCHERPING ..... Marshal

MEMBERS

Selma Bandemer
Lorraine Bradt
Bessie Bradley
Flora Bel Ellis
Helen Frueh
Nellie Green
Edna Groehn
France Hebert
Ruth Heineman
Marie Horning
Lela Jerome
Laura Koener
Margaret Marxer
Dorothy Redmond
Florence Robertson
Ruth Robertson
Margaret Scherping
Ethel Ryckmann
June Spencer
Meta Stein
Bernice Stranahan
Helen Webber
Jessie Witherell

A.L.S.


G.C.L.S.
E.H. Pattn

G. C. L. S.

G. C. L. S.

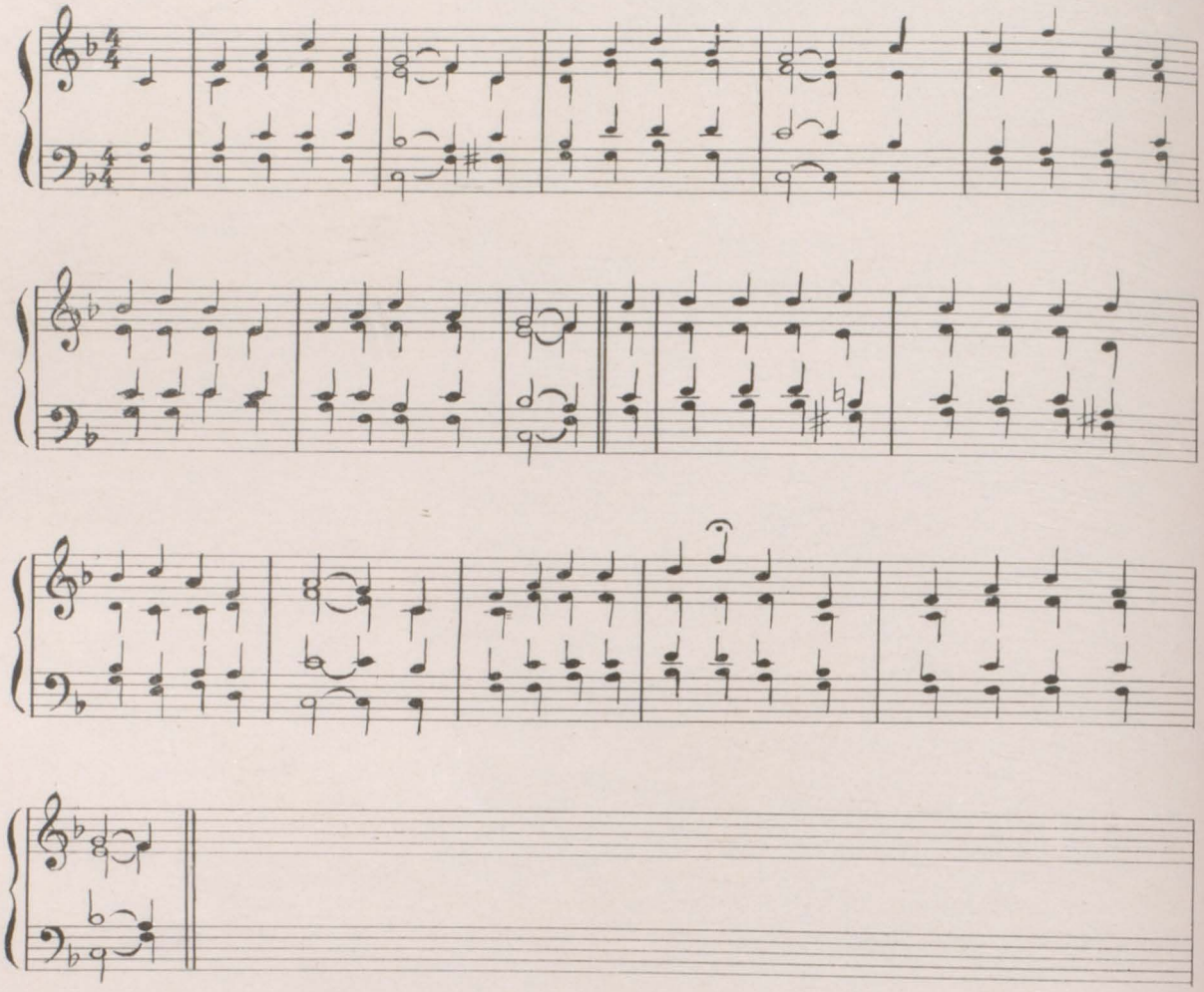
OFFICERS

CLARA WINKLER ..... President
HAZEL SCOTT ..... Vice-President
AGNES WUNDER ..... Secretary
HELEN MERRILL ..... Treasurer
MARION MESSENGER ..... Marshal

MEMBERS

Rhea Barbarin
Harriet Brown
Hazel Brown
Phila Brown
Bertha Forrest
Bessie Frantom
Catherine Frantom
Emily Gillam
Frances Goodman
Willma Gudritz
Elizabeth Haeusler
Cleo Harris
Alice Henny
Lucille Johnson
Modelle Jerome
Viola Johnson
Bessie Liddle
Norine Mayhew
Helen McLeod
Helen Merrill
Jeannie McGregor
Marion Messenger
Ella Parth
Anna Parsons
Celia Rabe
Ann Roth
Hazel Scott
Vera Southwell
Erna Steininger
Marie Stolz
Ruth Wagner
Hazel Walter
Jetta Weinberg
Marion Wilkinson
Clara Winkler
Agnes Wunder

Class Song



The time is drawing night
To leave our good old High,
And teachers dear and friends so near
We bid a last good-bye.

Chorus.

Then from our halls we shall depart
With love in ev'ry heart,
As nineteen fourteen bids good-bye
To our dear East Side High.

Forth then we go so bold.
Our colors maroon and gold;
No more to meet in classes sweet
Those hearts we love to greet.

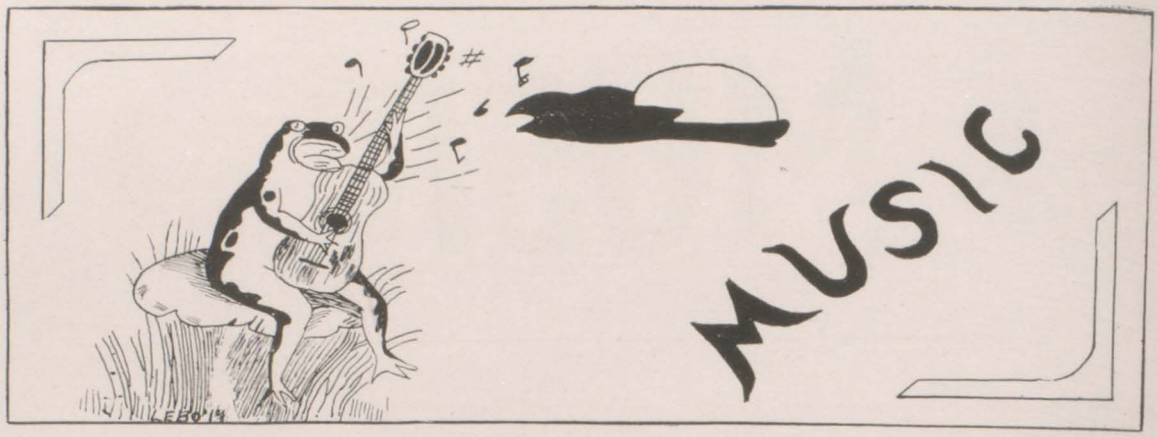
Chorus.

We'll carry mem'ries dear;
We'll battle with no fear·
With valiant hand we'll take our stand,
And work with love and cheer.

Chorus.

LORRAINE BRADT.
BEATRICE WARNER.

MUSIC



It is now about twelve years since musical activities were organized into societies in the Saginaw High School. These consist of an Orchestra, Amphion and Glee Clubs, which have continued to progress under the leadership of efficient directors. With the exception of the Orchestra, the members of these Clubs are all High School students.

The Orchestra, which was reorganized this year, is directed by Miss Clara Miller Lauer, and has gained great popularity among the students. It has often been heard in chapel and also outside of school, as it has taken part in musicals and entertainments.

The Amphion, a singing club of girls, would certainly be a cerdit to any school. It is directed by Mrs. K. M. B. Wilson, and is always greeted with praise and applause upon its many appearances. Not only in school is this club known, but it has gained wide popularity outside of school as it is often called upon to take part in entertainments.

The Glee Club of boys, ably directed by Miss Clara Miller Lauer, is always enthusiastically received whenever it is called upon. Both this club and the Amphion are well known to the public as they have sung individually and jointly at the Orphans' banquet and at the Farmers' Institute for a number of years, and whenever they appear appreciation is never lacking.

Music has from the earliest times been considered one of the largest elements of human nature. The Chinese, the most uncivilized nation on the globe, have used music for over four thousand years. They had a

bureau of music in China before Apollo was old enough to ask for a lyre. But the men of the Western world do not consider the Chinese musicians. They class their compositions under the head of noise because it is the Chinese conception of music. But of late as the white men have become more numerous there, their music has improved greatly.

The Greeks' great esteem for music is well portrayed in the story of Orpheus, a Grecian mythological character. He was able to play so beautifully that not only people and beasts were charmed but also rocks and trees. His beautiful wife had been taken to the lower world but through his wonderful playing he was able to take her back to the upper world on the one condition, that he did not look around at her until he had reached the upper world. This condition he violated and so he lost his wife, but to be able to influence Pluto of the underworld for such terms as these was considered marvelous.

The Romans adopted music from the Greeks and used it almost exclusively in their festivals.

Music today ranks high among the arts. The people are trying to have it taught more thoroughly in our public schools. Take our city for example. In the last few years most of our public schools have bought Victrolas through which they can hear the greatest musicians of the world. Victrolas are also of great assistance to the teachers, because a pupil can understand better what is wanted of him by hearing the song sung than he can by the best explanation that can be given him.

Our people are also striving to bring renowned artists so that we may have the privilege of hearing them. Where would our churches be without music? Even the soldier in the midst of battle feels inspired and is forced to forget his fear upon hearing some martial strain. Music is far more wonderful than words; it can speak when words fail and penetrate to the depths of one's soul.

JOHN HALL.

GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

OFFICERS

JOHN HALL ..... President
FREDERICK SCHMIDT ..... Secretary
KURT OPPERMAN ..... Treasurer
EMILY GILLAM ..... Accompanist

MEMBERS

Wesley Bau
Lloyd Colbath
Shirley Corrigan
Adam Fox
Louis Goecker
Waldo Granse
Carl Gray
John Hall
Clarence Landskroener
Wilbur Norton
Kurt Opperman
Otto Rhode
Frederick Schmidt

AMPHION

Amphion Club

OFFICERS

ALICE HENNY ..... President
LOUISE HAWKINS ..... Vice-President
HARIET BROWN ..... Secretary-Treasurer
NORINE MAYHEW ..... Accompanist

MEMBERS

Lucy Alber
Margaret Beck
Laura Boone
Harriet Brown
Ethel Farmer
Frances Greiner
Louise Hawkins
Zelma Hales
Alice Henny
Louise Herman
Modelle Jerome
Norine Mayhew
May Portier
Eva Schmidt
Gertrude Schroeder
Katherine Stapleton
Louise Werner
Grace Wienke
Muriel Wilkinson

ORCHESTRA

Orchestra

OFFICERS

NELLIE GREEN ..... President
FRANCE HEBERT ..... Vice-President
JOHN SILHAVY ..... Secretary
KURT OPPERMANN ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Knowlton Cummins
Nellie Green
France Hebert
Harold Macomber
Norine Mayhew
Herman Metz
Wilbur Norton
Kurt Oppermann
William Reed
John Silhavy
Grace Wienke

PROPHECY

H.A. Furlong '14

'Twas a cold and stormy evening of an age long past. Without
The wind groaned mournfully as round the crag it whistled the snow;
And in the dark and gloomy castle on the Rhine, there sat
A figure, white with age and bent with care. A gown of gray
Hung from his shoulders, in his hand he held a small machine.
He rose and staggered 'cross the room, a secret door swung out.
Into a hollow deep he thrust the precious thing, then shut
The door, the wall was blank and smooth. He laid his body on
A couch, cried out, " 'Tis safe! he shall not find it now!"—and died.

On a lovely sunny morning late in June,
I found myself within the Fatherland.
"The Rhine!" I cried, "I must ascend the Rhine!"
So presently I stood within a boat
And felt the tiny ripple 'neath my feet.
Some distance up the river I beheld
The ivy-covered ruins of a castle.
I landed when I reached this charming spot,
And through the tumbled fragments picked my way.
What seemed to be a cupboard met my eye;
I thrust my hand into it and withdrew
A dusty, mildew-covered, wooden box
Upon which was a crank, and on its side
A tablet bore the words, "Confine thy thoughts
To someone of whose future you would know.

Then turn the crank." My thoughts went back at once
To Saginaw High, I wondered what should hap
To those who with me left its portals grand.
I turned the crank. A feeble voice exclaimed,
"The White House grand in Washington
Now shelters Raymond's head.
Your President he surely is,
And by the nation fed.
In so much as Scherping his campaign led,
He deserves some office high.
As Secretary of State he'll stand
Till the Chautauqua season's nigh.
He rides around the country
In Lenick's private car;
For Lenick owns a railroad
Whose stock is now at par.
Daum must our hero's meals prepare,
For he is Secretary of the Interior.
Lind Walkling's in the cabinet, too,
And lives on government pay.
As Secretary of the Aggies,
He frowns when the Grangers get too gay.
While as Secretary of Commerce and Labor,
Waldo Losch holds sway.
He's eminently fitted for the place,
He's so energetic they say.
Elsa Harris has started what one day may be
A world-famous college, and there one may see
A laconical linguist of languages three,
Marion Hawkins is this celebrity.
Selma Bandemer is in this same school
And teaches Freshmen the Golden Rule.
Wilson led an army brave into Mexico,
Then he led it out again, as fast as he could go.
Max Robertson's at the Academy still,
His job's in the second story;
He pulls the curtain up and down—
He's surely in his glory.

The ancient curtain has been replaced;
The beer signs no longer are seen.
For Ella Parth has repainted it,
It now has a silken sheen.
Celia Rabe sits in the very front row
And admires this work of art.
When Max raises the curtain up out of sight
It nearly breaks her heart.
As Latin professor stands Franklin Bromm,
His teaching I'll ne'er forget.
"I flunks you vonce, I flunks you tvice,
Denn you goes out, you bet."
At Genesee and Washington
Stands Merrill, the camera man;
"I taka da picture for tena cents, one dime,"
He cries, as the crowd he doth scan.
Nina Cosendai and Ethel Covey
Run a fine laundry:
Inside labors Harriet Brown with skill,
She can each wrinkle see.
Ralph Wallis runs a barber shop,
He talks your arm asunder;
His fireman's hair-cut is his best,
At fifteen cents it's a wonder.
Meta Stein runs a manicure shop,
But for lack of work she dozes.
Helen Frueh is down by the river
In the bull-rushes painting Moses.
Bill French directs a German band,
His arms he wildly waves,
Just as he did when he led the yells
In the good old High School days.
Bill Reid and Wilbur Norton
Play flutes with grace and skill;
France Hebert and Norine Mayhew
Accompany them with a will.
Walt Gross haunts the Metropolitan,
In this line he beats them all,

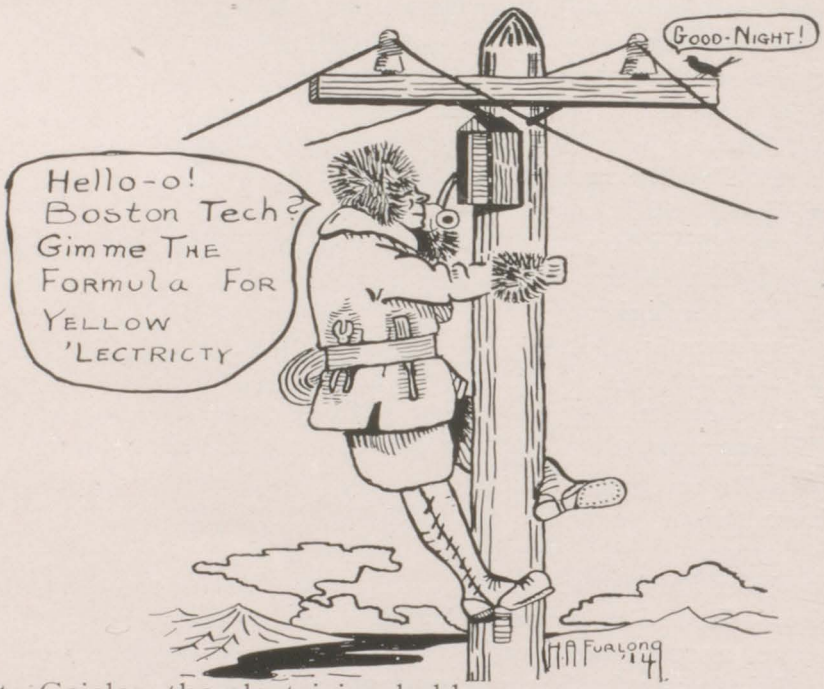
BILL FRENCH DIRECTS A GERMAN BAND.

But whether he's owner or water-boy
I can't just now recall.
Clara Otto translates Heine, Goethe and Schiller,
Grimmin's Fairy Tales and Jack the Giant Killer.
Agnes Wunder in Great Britain
Is teaching the soldier man,
To spiel the German language,
As they do in the Fatherland.
For under Gertrude Schroeder
The army may subdue
The land across the channel—
That's what they hope to do.
Burkholder hopes are at last fulfilled,
He writes the preface bland
For Spaulding's Official Football Guide,
Since Walter Camp left the field.
From Greenland's icy mountain

To India's coral strands,
Adam Fox has travelled
With his missionary bands.
Hazel Walter is his companion,
She helps him sing the hymns;
While Helen Korbelick shows the heathen
How to save their souls and—skins.
Furlong works for the street car folks,
His artistic ability's fine.
He does himself full justice,
Painting cars on the S. & F. line.
Our baseball team is a sorry plight,
Its members, all scratching their heads,
Are trying hard a new player to find,
For Sage has jumped to the Feds.
There's a land that is fairer than day,
Through my specs I can see it afar,
Mildred Packard reformed it, they say;
I leave on the very next car.
Dorothy Redmond, poor little thing,
Has gone to England to marry the King.
Anna Parsons an expert clerk shall be,
She works at Barie's. Her number is three.
Miss Andre works beside her,
And censures her severely,
When Anna begins to chew her gum
It's every minute nearly.
As an orator grand in Congress,
Stands Hardon of Saginaw High,
He has gained the Speaker's stand,
And rules the House with an iron hand.
Von Bethman Hollweg's gone at last,
And Veitengruber rules in his stead.
When Bill the Second gets too fresh,
No man knows what is said.
Ruth Heineman and Grace Herbeck
Run a moving picture show;
Clara Winkler sings inside;

Blanch Secord sells tickets you know.
Muriel Wilkinson has a shop
Where they sell red socks for men;
Elsa Schwartz announces the bargains
Every morning at half past ten.
Floyd Brown is driving a Blitzer Ford
To victory on the track.
While Proestal, sitting beside him,
Works the oil-pump forth and back.
Lyman, Our Roaring Racer Aids,
In Numberless Extravagant Bets,
While Patterson sits nearly in the pits,
And talks to the gas wagon vets.
But Lorraine Bradt sits closer than this,
And hopes and prays that Try will win.
Gord Rice takes a correspondence course,
But nary a thing does he ever learn,
Instead he has made their fine football team,
When he plays, how his paper and typewriter burn!
Runchey runs a brewery,
His bank account grew fast,
But Runchey has had to quit business of late,
For prohibition has passed.
Mac Campbell is chief tester
At Jack's distillery,
He samples all the products
In a manner light and free.
Art Symons is a cannibal,
The choicest bite of all
Came when he ate Ruth McClelland
For dinner one day last fall.
Frieda Baker has a factory
Where safety pins are made;
The fortune which she has amassed
Puts John D. in the shade.
In her office sits Grace Abbott,
A towel around her head,
For Frieda works her stenographer

Until she's nearly dead.
Steve Winkler has recently written a book,
It's title is startling I'll state,
"How I Got Through High School
Before I was Twenty-eight."
Opperman's an engineer upon the P. M. line,
And when he has a smash-up
He does the job up fine.
Florence Baum and June Spencer have gone on the stage,
Their tight-wire performance has become all the rage.
Ardath Lyman as a comedienne grand,
Shall haul in the money hand-over-hand.
While Landskroener sings in opera,
To all purports and intents
He makes Signor Caruso sound
About like thirty cents.
In frigid Alaska on a telegraph pole,



Sits Geisler, the electrician bold,

One wire leads straight to Boston Tech.,
He gets his knowledge thus, I'm told.
Lulu Schlickum's ride in life's wheelbarrow
Will not be smooth, she fears Cupid's arrow.
But Bernice Vasold as a farmer's wife
Shall milk the cows all through her life.
Frank Gorman ne'er will ride matrimonial rocks,
But he's happy now, he's mending his socks.
Hester Schaberg teaches Physics
Back in S. H. S.,
She got the place which was held in my day
By T. A. N. I. S.

Cecile Burroughs and Emelie Joseph
Run a shop in which, they say,
One may obtain all the latest lids
At the price which you want to pay.
Ruth Robertson one of the Four Hundred shall be,
The rest are in the penitentiary.
Anne Roth has gone to Russia,
She holds a strong oak limb,
She's waiting there to see the Czar,
And "say" something to him.
Mabel Jerome and Modelle Jerome
Will ne'er be wedded, I fear,
They'll dwell apart from the common folk,
And radiate good cheer.

Great reforms are now pending,
Bessie Vance heads the W. C. T. U.
And Saginaw's a better place
For the work which she does do.
Hanaford writes classified adds
For the Saginaw Daily News;
His experience with the Aurora
He has put to much good use.
Whitney is a chemist,
He works all night and day
Testing the farmers' sugar beets
Before the trust will pay.

Schwark and Taylor have an act
In Ringling Brothers' show,
Their advertised stunts are impossible,
But people seem to go.
Genevieve FitzGerald went as a nurse
When Mexico rebelled;
And Jeannie McGregor, the diplomat,
The insurrection quelled.
Goecker again is frequenting school,
But there's method in his madness,
For Principal Warner desires a new deck,
And Goecker's heart's full of gladness.
Frances Goodman is a book agent,
Her gift of gab is priceless,
She talks you black, she talks you blue,
To refuse to buy is useless.
Baumgarten's fame is safely secured,
For he has lately invented
A brand new dance of a brand new kind,
He surely is contented.
Charley Walsh's invention is striking indeed,
He warrants his alarm clock to waken
The stubbornest sleeper who ever was born,
When it rings it's as good as a shakin'.
He tried it one morning on William O'Keefe,
In arousing that gent he succeeded.
If this clock compels Bill to get up on time,
No more guarantee will be needed.
Purdy's nearly put the Mona Lisa out of business,
For with his pencil he excells,
Her beauty with finesse.
Gladys Lebo and Marion Messenger
Run a hotel from which the view
Is simply entrancing their adds loudly spiel,
For each of them was written by Miss Emma Scheal.
Marie Nothelfer and Amanda Schultz
To Chicago both have gone,
As lady cops of the latest style

They make you keep off the lawn.
Ephraim McNally's geometry,
Is the eighth wonder of the earth,
But how he wrote it no one knows,
For of ideas he had always a dearth.

Kanter, like his ancient namesake,
Will gallop through the pages
Of history till the world doth end,
As one of the world's sages.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village garage doth stand,
And Koehler handles the cash drawer and wrench,
With large and sinewy hands.

Squire Polson and Hugh Matheson
Are his helpers tried and true.

While Curly Egan is called upon
When the auto needs a new shoe.

Elva Bishop runs an academy
Where instruction in dancing is had.
Gertrude Grandy, the reformer,
Opposes this foolish fad.

I must not forget the suffragettes.
Oh! that must never be!
For if I overlooked them
What they might do to me!
As leader of the party,
Behold one Elsa Werner.

When she gets her bomb made so it's right,
No cops can hope to turn her.
The Salvation Army has set them an example,
And Lorna Booth has used her namesake's theories as a sample.

Of how to bring the suffrage cause right square in the public eye,
And when I hear thee coming I almost always fly.
Beatrice Warner plays a piano
Within a carryall,
While Martha Adomeit calls for help,
And then answers the call.

ONE ELSA—

They say her speeches are superb,
And have gained the cause supporters.
Perhaps it's time but for my part
I never believe reporters.
They've candidates for all offices,
Though their platform planks are mouldy;
And Nellie Green wants to be president—
At least, that's what she told me.
When Beatrice Warner begins to play,
And Martha begins to speak,
And shouts, "Nellie Green for president,"
Poor Earl looks so weak.
Florence Driggs wants to be vice-president.
I wonder what would happen
If she to preside over the Senate should try.

Yes, I wonder what would happen.
Bessie Liddle collects the party's cash
When any contributors get so rash
As to pay their good money to the suffrage cause.
Ione Hubert picks flaws in the laws
For her clients' protection. I'm happy to say—
Yes, sir. The line forms right this way."
There's a suffragette paper called, "Join the Cause,"
Marie Horning (optimist) runs it;
She writes an editorial now and then,
Fierce are the products of her pen.
Wee Brooks is the daring publisher
Who spreads this little sheet
O'er land and sea; but he'd have hard work
Putting suffrage on its feet.
Krieg thinks that the pen is mightier than the sword,
And to get the President's goat,
Writes poems for the paper, called,
"Why Ma Should Have a Vote."
John Hall on good old Irish sod
The laws shall soon uphold,
When he arrests a suffragette
Her friends get peacefully bold."
The voice then ceased, I could not guess
The reason, for my fate was still
Untold. Then it began again.
"Your fate shall be—" A snap, a crack,
And then before my eyes the box
Was shattered as if by a shot.
I turned and saw behind a rock
The captain of my ship, who held
A smoking pistol in his hand,
"Come on," he said, "I can't wait any longer."

CHARLES H. CUMMINGS.

SCENE FROM "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

The Senior Play

Altho nature did her grim best to thwart the brilliant plans of the Class of '14, nevertheless, the Senior Play was held on May 29th, at the Germania Hall, and proved to be what the morning paper in its "glorious" account called a "rousing success." The play, "The Private Secretary," has been said to be the finest ever presented by any class of the Saginaw High school.

Douglas Cattermole, a rather staid young man, is forced into reckless living by an eccentric uncle who has for some years been away in India. He insists that his nephew must sow his wild oats before he has anything to do with him. The nephew succeeds in running up some bills but that is all. His landlady cannot understand why he has departed from his former quiet manner of living and presents him with bills. Just as the young man begins to explain, his friend, Harry Marsland, enters and in order to escape being served with a writ suggests that his friend Cattermole accompany him to the country home of his uncle, Mr. Marsland, in the capacity of the private secretary whom his uncle has engaged but never seen. Cattermole enters into the plan, but reluctantly. Gibson, the tailor, to whom the young men owe money, enters and suggests that Cattermole is indebted to him. Marsland, after being annoyed by Gibson's prying disposition, says he is no gentleman. This so enrages the sensitive Gibson that he swears vengeance. Harry Marsland has with him the real private secretary, a Mr. Spaulding, an absurd individual in goloshes, and explains to this worthy that he is to have Mr. Cattermole's apartments for a few days. Mrs. Stead, the landlady, enters and learns that Mr. Cattermole is to leave the city and that this absurd Spaulding is to stay in her house. Just as Mr. Spaulding is nicely deposited in an inner room, the eccentric uncle makes his appearance. He thunders in and scares Mrs. Stead into spasms. She, not realizing the uncle's fad, exaggerates the young nephew's virtues and drives the uncle nearly insane. At this crucial moment, the

shy Spaulding tip-toes out into the room where the uncle is writing to his "fool nephew." Of course, the uncle takes Mr. Spaulding for the "young hopeful," and the disgust and rage with which the elder Cattermole greets his supposed nephew is not understood by the unsuspecting Spaulding.

The next scenes are laid in the country home of the Marslands, where the elder Cattermole comes to visit, being an old boyhood friend of the elder Mr. Marsland. He, of course, does not know his real nephew and everything goes fairly well until Gibson, the tailor, and Spaulding make their appearance. They both must be concealed, but where? It is impossible to hide Gibson, so he is introduced as a lover of dogs. In the Marsland household are also two very charming young ladies, Miss Marsland and her friend, Miss Webster, with whom Harry and the younger Cattermole immediately fall in love.

Poor Spaulding is hidden in one room and then another until his "poor head is quite bewildered," and then the uncle discovers him, his fool nephew, in his friend's house!

Miss Ashford, the nurse in the Marsland home is a spiritualist and has for years longed for a medium. To straighten out matters, the younger Cattermole explains that Spaulding is the medium. The old lady fairly pounces on Spaulding and demands a trance. Then Gibson complicates matters by getting drunk. "The tailor comes out," and he is ordered home. He returns, tho, to wreak vengeance on young Cattermole. And then an explanation is inevitable. When the uncle realizes that "that miserable worm" is not his nephew and that the real nephew does "drink something stronger than tea," he takes him to his heart. Spaulding is restored to his position and Miss Marsland and Miss Webster are happily wedded to Cattermole and Marsland respectively.

The cast was composed of the following:

Douglas Cattermole ..... Max Robertson
Harry Marsland ..... Walter Gross
Mr. Cattermole, Sr. ..... Lionel Merrill
Mr. Marsland, Sr. ..... Paul Geisler

Mr. Spaulding ..... Henry Daum
Mr. Gibson ..... Lynd Walkling
Knox ..... Adolph Veitengruber
John ..... Louis Goecker
Eva Webster ..... Frances Goodman
Edith Marsland ..... Ruth McClelland
Miss Ashford ..... Elsa Werner
Mrs. Stead ..... Elsa Jane Harris

The cast was drilled by Miss Denfield and Miss Blanchard to whom we owe most of our success.

The class wishes to acknowledge the assistance of the following who loaned us the scenery, properties and costumes used in the play:

W. A. Rusco.

Heavenrich Bros. & Co.

The M. W. Tanner Co.

The Wm. Barie Dry Goods Co.

Wm. H. Ryan.

W. P. Tredo.

A. F. Fox.

The Y. W. C. A.

SCENE FROM "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

ATHLETICS

Saginaw High School Athletic Association

Colors—Black and Gold.

YELL

Een-dica-deen-dica-fada-dica-fum,
Een-nica-bola-een-nica-fola.
Een-dica-deen-dica-fada-dica-fum,
Saginaw High School,
Zis! Rah! Boom!

OFFICERS

ARTHUR WEADOCK ..... President
FRANCES WEADOCK ..... Vice-President
GERALD McCORKLE ..... Secretary-Treasurer

BOARD OF CONTROL

ARTHUR WEADOCK ..... President
GERALD McCORKLE ..... Secretary-Treasurer
GORDON RICE ..... Senior Representative
DON McGEE ..... Junior Representative
CHESTER YORK ..... Sophomore Representative
GEORGE STONE ..... Freshman Representative
W. W. WARNER ..... Principal
JOHN E. TANIS ..... Faculty Manager
JOHN W. MITCHELL ..... Auditor
FRANZ DREIER ..... Physical Director
FRANK A. PICARD ..... Alumni Representative
GUY H. JENKINS ..... Alumni Representative

CAPTAINS

JOHN E. RUNCHEY ..... Football
JOHN E. RUNCHEY ..... Basketball
RALPH WALLIS ..... Track
GORDON RICE ..... Baseball

MANAGERS

WILLIAM FRENCH ..... Football
DON HANAFORD ..... Basketball
ARNOLD SCHIRMER ..... Track
HENRY SAGE ..... Baseball

Wearers of the "S"

FOOTBALL

BAUMGARTEN
BURKHOLDER
EAGAN
FRENCH
HALL
HANAFORD
HUMPHREY
McGEE
RAYMOND
RICE
RUNCHEY
POLSON
WALKLING
WINKLER

BASKETBALL

BAUMGARTEN
McCORKLE
RICE
RUNCHEY
WALLIS
WINKLER

BASEBALL

BARTH
HOWSON
McCORKLE
McGEE
RICE, C.
RICE, G.
SAGE
WEADOCK
WATTS
VEITENGRUBER

TRACK

CAMPBELL
HACKSTADT
RUNCHEY
SCHIRMER
WALLIS

FOOT BALL

FOOTBALL TEAM

LINE-UP

HALL	Left End
BAUMGARTEN	Left Tackle
BURKHOLDER	Left Guard
POLSON	Left Guard
WINKLER	Center
HUMPHREY	Center
SHELDON	Right Guard
WALKLING	Right Guard
RAYMOND	Right Tackle
EAGAN	Right End
McGEE	Quarterback
RICE	Quarterback
RUNCHEY (Capt.)	Left Half
HANAFORD	Right Half
FRENCH	Fullback

JACK RUNCHEY, Capt.

WILLIAM FRENCH, Mgr.

SCORES

Saginaw	27	Bay City	13
"	44	Detroit Eastern	6
"	7	Detroit Central	26
"	22	Ann Arbor	0
"	6	Port Huron	7
"	0	Arthur Hill	19

FOOTBALL

One of the most inauspicious football seasons that Saginaw High has ever experienced was that of 1913. Captain Runchey's call for candidates was answered on September fourth by French, Winkler, McGee, Eagan and Runchey of last year's Valley championship team, together with a number of promising scrubs. The team secured the services of Reverend T. E. Swan, quarterback of Cornell's teams of '97 and '98, as coach.

The prospects became gloomy when it was found that we did not have games with St. Louis and Alma as was shown in the schedule. Teams could not be secured to fill these dates, and Saginaw had to open her season late and handicapped by the lack of experience.

A few weeks later another setback was suffered when it was announced that Coach Swan had resigned. The services of certain alumni having been rejected by the school authorities, the squad had to be satisfied with the help of Mr. Jacklin, a member of the faculty.

On September 27 and October 4, the two open Saturdays, the squad was divided into teams for practice games.

Saginaw vs. Bay City

Saginaw journeyed to Bay City October 18 to be beaten in its first game by our down-river rivals, 27 to 13. The team showed the lack of experience that their opponents had gained through previous encounters. During the first three quarters, Bay City completely outclassed the Black and Gold warriors, they getting all their points in these periods.

It was not until the last quarter that the Saginaw players struck their stride, and had they started their good work sooner, there would probably have been a different tale to tell. Saginaw worked the ball to Bay City's twenty-yard line, and then the home team was penalized for their inability to keep the crowd off the field. With five yards to go, French was called upon, and he carried the ball over for Saginaw's first touchdown. Bay City kicked off to Sheldon, who returned the pigskin to the fifty-yard line, and on the old delayed pass, Wallis ran this entire distance for the last score. Saginaw was on its way for another touchdown when time was called.

Smith, Steggal and Zing were the stars for Bay City, while French, Wallis and Sheldon did stellar work for Saginaw.

Saginaw vs. Detroit Eastern

Starting where they had left off the Saturday before at Bay City, Saginaw swamped Detroit Eastern at D. A. C. field to the tune of 44 to 6.

Saginaw showed class throughout. The line played low and hard, while the backs tore Eastern's line to pieces. Both Saginaw quarterbacks, McGee and Rice, showed good headwork, and their variation of the plays kept Detroit puzzled all the time. The only place where our backs could not penetrate was at the center which was occupied by Sielaff, Eastern's giant 264-pounder.

It is hard to pick one who excelled his teammates for Saginaw; they all played a star game. For Detroit, Weeks and Sielaff were half their team.

Saginaw vs. Detroit Central

Central High, of Detroit, displaying the best team work seen in Saginaw in the last few years, defeated the locals 26 to 7 at Alumni Field, November 8. When Central entered the field, it was noted that they outweighed Saginaw some twenty pounds to the man. Notwithstanding this great advantage, the Black and Gold representatives started with that good old do or die spirit, and for the first few minutes swept the dazed Centralites off their feet.

Detroit soon braced, and by a series of brilliant end runs and well executed forward passes, sent the ball over the last chalk mark for their first touchdown. Central scored twice in the second period and during the third quarter they got their last touchdown.

Saginaw's only score came in the third period after McGee returned a punt from the middle of the field through the entire Detroit team for a touchdown. It was of the spectacular sort, full of pretty dodging, he having no interference.

Saginaw was handicapped by the loss of their star lineman, Sheldon, who was injured during practice.

Saginaw vs. Ann Arbor

Displaying the best form of the year, Saginaw defeated Ann Arbor Saturday, November 15, at Alumni Field by the score of 22 to 0. The University City lads were unable to solve the pretty assortment of plays which Saginaw pulled off behind good line work and interference.

Saginaw's first score came before the game was four minutes old, as a result of end runs and line plunges by French and Hanaford, French finally carrying it over. In the second period, after Hal had gathered in a fumble and Runchey and Eagan had brought the ball within striking distance of the goal, Runchey was sent over for the second touchdown. Runchey's goal from placement in the third period and a touchdown by himself in the last quarter totalled up the remainder of Saginaw's points.

Weimeyer was the star for Ann Arbor, while Saginaw's star performers were French, Hanaford, Hall and Runchey, the latter playing his greatest game of the season.

Saginaw vs. Port Huron

On November 22, our team journeyed to Port Huron and lost by a single point, 7 to 6. The game was played in a sea of mud making it impossible for the light Saginaw team to do themselves justice against their heavier foe.

Port Huron's score came in the first period, the result of a cleverly executed forward pass to Fenton. In the third quarter, Port Huron was forced to punt. McGee caught the ball under the shadow of his goal and raced the entire length of the field for a touchdown. When Runchey failed to kick goal, our chances for tieing the score were gone.

McGee was easily the star for Saginaw, while Fenton and Gill did most of Port Huron's good work.

Saginaw vs. Arthur Hill

On Thanksgiving Day, Saginaw lost to Arthur Hill for the first time in nineteen years, the score being 19 to 0, one point for each beaten year. The East Side team was clearly outplayed, for Western's backs, behind perfect interference, circled Eastern's ends and plowed through their line at will.

Saginaw started out in whirlwind fashion only to lose the ball after a few minutes. Arthur Hill then marched to the one-yard line, where the East Siders held them for downs. A brilliantly executed double pass by McGee and Runchey brought the ball to the thirty-five-yard line. The ball see-sawed up and down the field, and in a short while time was called.

In the second quarter, Arthur Hill's attempt at place kick went low, Saginaw recovering the pigskin on her one-yard line. French's punt was blocked and Mason fell on it, giving Arthur Hill her first touchdown against Saginaw in twelve years. The West Siders kicked off and, after failing to gain, the East Siders were forced to punt. A series of end runs and forward passes brought the ball to the eight-yard line and Ippel carried it over for Arthur Hill's second touchdown.

There was no scoring in the third period, but in the last quarter, after the West Siders had received the ball on Saginaw's forty-five-yard line, they marched down the field for their last touchdown.

Raymond starred for Arthur Hill. He was easily their whole team and we have nothing but praise for him. Every one of the East Siders played their best and fought gamely to the last minute.

THE LINE-UP.

CAPTAIN RUNCHEY—Jack starred on long end runs, and was also a good line bucker, while his defensive playing was always good. This was his third year on the team.

MANAGER FRENCH—"Bull" is also a third year man. He was one of the best fullbacks that ever wore a Saginaw uniform. His line plunging was feared by all who ever played against him.

CAPTAIN-ELECT McGEE—"Maggie" was considered one of the best open field runners in the state. He scored our only points in the Detroit Central and Port Huron games by his long runs. As captain next year, the Class of 1914 hopes to see him lead the team that will return the Valley cup and avenge the Arthur Hill defeat.

HANAFORD—Don was one of the hardest workers on the team. He could always be depended upon to make his share of the gains.

RICE—"Gord" played steadily, and showed good headwork at all times.

HALL—Although small, Jack was big enough to get everyone that came his way, no matter if he were an Atlas.

BAUMGARTEN—"Al" was the find of the season. Although a new man at the game, he always was there when a line plunge came his way.

BURKHOLDER—"Burk" certainly showed that he could come back. The fact that he was placed on the All-Valley team showed his worth.

POLSON—"Squire" was a consistent player. He was a valuable man for he could fill almost any position.

WINKLER—This was "Steve's" second year. He was good on the defense, breaking in and spoiling many plays.

HUMPHREY—Jack could always be depended upon to play a stellar game when sent in. He has another year yet, and great things are expected of him in 1914.

SHELDON—"Alec" was one of the mainstays of the line. His untimely injury just before the Detroit Central game cost him his "S."

WALKLING—This was Lynd's first year on the team. He was a hard worker, and always played for all that was in him.

RAYMOND—Earl was also a first year man. He fought hard all the time holding up his side of the line in great style.

EAGAN—"Curly" starred on pulling down forward passes. He was also a sure and hard tackler.

WEADOCK—"Art" showed that he had a future in football when he was sent into the Arthur Hill game, and did what our veteran backfieldmen had failed to do, break through the West Siders' line. "Art" will be back next year, and with McGee, Sheldon and Humphrey will form a nucleus for a good team.

FRANK A. GORMAN.

BASKET·BALL

BASKETBALL

JACK RUNCHEY, Capt.

LINE-UP

McCORKLE	Forward
RICE	Forward
WINKLER	Center
WALLIS	Center
RAYMOND	Center
RUNCHEY (Capt.)	Guard
BAUMGARTEN	Guard
BEHSE	Guard

SCORES

Saginaw	30	Alumni	24
"	24	Bay City Eastern	17
"	42	Arthur Hill	40
"	21	Lansing	19
"	22	Grand Rapids C.	50
"	17	Alpena	23
"	22	Detroit Central	31
"	46	Arthur Hill	21
"	43	Bay City Western	17
"	25	Bay City Eastern	46
"	23	Pontiac	18
"	57	Flint	16
"	26	Bay City Eastern	29

BASKETBALL

Soon after the football season closed, basketball practice was commenced. The jinx which had followed the football team was again evidenced when Don Hanaford announced that he was forced to quit athletics on account of ill health, thus leaving Captain Runchey the only veteran of last year's team. Fears of a poor team were cast aside when our team defeated the Alumni in their annual game 30 to 24. The Alumni team consisted of old stars who have won glory for the Black and Gold in past years, while practically every man on the Saginaw squad was given a chance.

Saginaw vs. Bay City Eastern

Saginaw opened her interscholastic season by defeating Bay City Eastern in our gymnasium 24 to 17. The game was close and exciting throughout, with the usual amount of roughness that is displayed when the two rival teams meet. Eleven of Bay City's points were gotten through the ability of Gallagher to shoot fouls. In this department of the game Saginaw was very weak, making only one free throw in fifteen chances.

It was anybody's game during any part of the first half, Saginaw finally leading 9 to 8. They stayed together until the last ten minutes of play when our team cinched it by scoring four baskets in a row.

Saginaw's guards, Runchey and Baumgarten, held their veteran opponents to no baskets, a feat which is unusual in basketball. McCorkle and Rice, both new men, played with the confidence of veterans, while Winkler at center played an exceptionally good game.

Saginaw vs. Arthur Hill

Saginaw administered Arthur Hill her semi-annual defeat January 23rd by the score of 42 to 40, on the Teutonia dance floor, the slipperiness of which nearly cost Saginaw the game. It was impossible for our boys to stop or get started again when necessary, while it was the liking of the West Siders who were used to it.

Arthur Hill started out in great style scoring twelve points before Saginaw could get started. After starting, however, they came strong, finishing the half only five points behind, 21 to 16. In the early part of

the second half, these five points were made up. From then on a basket or foul by either team would put them in the lead. The Saginaw quintet, due to the accurate fould shooting of Captain Runchey, was ahead by a margin of two points when the whistle blew.

McCorkle, Rice and Runchey were the point-getters, while Baumgarten and Winkler did stellar work on the defense.

Saginaw vs. Lansing

In one of the roughest and most hard fought games ever witnessed in the Manual Training gymnasium, Saginaw won from Lansing 21 to 19. Most of the points were gotten in the first half which ended 14 to 12 with Saginaw on the long end. In the second half, each team got seven points. As in the Arthur Hill game the outcome hinged on the foul shooting. This time it was McCorkle who was the hero. He shot four fould in four attempts during the last five minutes of play.

Lansing played the best defensive game ever seen on our court. Palmer, the midget of their quintet, was the star.

Saginaw vs. Alpena

Crippled by the ineligibility of Wallis, Winkler and Captain Runchey, Saginaw lost to Alpena on February 14, by the score of 23 to 17. Alpena had a hard time in winning, and at no time during the game were they out of danger.

The Northerners started out by caging the ball three times in a row, but Saginaw soon struck her stride, the first half ending Alpena 10, Saginaw 6. Toward the close of the second period, Saginaw tied up the score only to have Alpena forge ahead again.

The two recruits, Raymond and Hackstadt, did fine work, the latter holding the much heralded Couture to four baskets.

Saginaw vs. Grand Rapids

On February 7th, Saginaw journeyed to Grand Rapids and lost to Central High's State Championship team 50 to 22. In the first period our team put up some kind of opposition, but in the second half our defense went to pieces and Central scored at will.

Drummond and Coffey were the main pointgetters for Grand Rapids, while Baumgarten's guarding is not to be overlooked. Saginaw was handicapped by the ineligibility of their captain.

Saginaw vs. Detroit Central

The Saginaw High school basketeers lost to Detroit Central at Detroit, February 22nd, 31 to 22, through tough luck. Saginaw started out as victors and gave the over-confident Centralites the scare of their life. By good team work and accurate passing, the Black and Gold quintet managed to stow away a 15 to 8 lead at the end of the first half. But in the second half the calamity came. Whether it was caused by miserable luck or by the thoughts that they had a good enough lead, we do not know. But we do know that many Saginaw shots rolled around the rim of the basket and out again, and in the meantime Central was piling up a nice little lead.

Rice and McCorkle did most of the scoring for Saginaw, while Runchey and Baumgarten were there on the defense.

Saginaw vs. Arthur Hill

Before one of the largest crowds ever assembled in our gymnasium, Saginaw swamped Arthur Hill Friday, February 27th, by a 46 to 21 score.

After the first few minutes, the outcome was never in doubt, Saginaw leading at the end of the first half 18 to 10. In the second period it was a scoring fest for our forwards, our team making 28 points to Arthur Hill's 10.

Saginaw played her best game of the season. The team work was fine and the basket shooting was accurate. McCorkle led the scoring with ten baskets while Wallis and Rice each got five. The guarding of Baumgarten and Runchey was again extraordinary, each of their men getting one basket.

Saginaw vs. Bay City Western

Bay City Western was given its anual trouncing, Tuesday, March 13th, by the score of 43 to 17. After holding the Saginaw quintet to a 17 to 12 lead in the first half, Western went to pieces, and the Saginawians rang baskets from all angles. For the first time of the season every member of the team was eligible.

Saginaw vs. Bay City Eastern

For the first time in nine years Saginaw suffered a defeat at the hands of a Valley team. It was Bay City Eastern that broke this unblemished record on March 6th, by defeating the Black and Gold quintet 46 to 25. In the first period, Saginaw put up a good game, being only four points behind when the half ended. But the second half showed the effects of the Western game, played three days before. The team seemed stale and played very listlessly. Steggal was Bay City's star, scoring eleven baskets from the field, while Rice was responsible for half of Saginaw's points.

Saginaw vs. Pontiac

Saginaw journeyed to Pontiac on March 13th and defeated the Asylum City lads 23 to 18.

The first half was rather slow and uninteresting and marked by the fumbling and poor passing of both teams. Pontiac trailed the Saginaw quintet from the start, the half ending with the score 16 to 7 in Saginaw's favor. Pontiac came strong in the second half, but they could not overcome Saginaw's great lead.

Saginaw vs. Flint

Saginaw closed her scheduled basketball season by swamping Flint 57 to 16. Getting a whirlwind start, Saginaw scored enough points in the first ten minutes to win the game. From then on it was to see which Saginawian was to get the most baskets. McCorkle shot ten field goals while Winkler's eight was a close second.

The first half ended with the score standing 23 to 7. In the second period, Saginaw gained 34 points while Flint scored nine more through hook or crook. If Flint had been able to shoot baskets the game would have been very interesting. While, on the other hand, if Saginaw had gotten all the baskets which she had missed, the score would have been closer to 200 than 57.

Saginaw vs. Bay City Eastern

To satisfy the curiosity of the Valley principals, Saginaw consented to play Bay City a post season game at the Saginaw Y. M. C. A., on April 3rd, and lost by three points, 29 to 26.

The game was fast and hard-fought throughout, and when time was called at the end of the first half, Bay City was leading 16 to 11. In the second half, Saginaw came back strong, and outplayed Eastern all the way, tieing the score at 25 all. Bay City broke this tie and took the lead again, winning out by a basket and a foul.

THE LINE-UP.

CAPTAIN RUNCHEY—"Runch" was one of the best guards in the state. When he resolved that his man was not to get over a certain number of baskets, he never got even the amount. He was somewhat of a basket-shooter himself, for he would always come through with a goodly number.

McCORKLE—Although this was "Jerry's" first year on the team, he played like a veteran. He was an acurate basket-shooter and good in passing the ball.

RICE—"Gord" was one of the "slipperiest" men in the state. He was a sure shot and his dodging was always a feature.

WINKLER—"The big boy with the blonde thatch who specialized in long shots"—Pontiac Journal. Those long shots came in handy when Saginaw needed the points.

WALLIS—Although "Dike" did not get into the game until late in the season, he was a welcome addition to the team when he did come. He was an aggressive and hard player.

BAUMGARTEN—"Bummy" was one of the best stationary guards that Saginaw has ever had. His man always got the least number of baskets during the game.

BEHSE—Joe was a good guard, sticking like glue. He will be back next year, as will McCorkle.

RAYMOND—Earl was a hard, aggressive worker. He was a good basket-shooter and a fine defensive player.

FRANK A. GORMAN '14.

BASE BALL

BASEBALL TEAM

GORDON RICE, Capt.

HENRY SAGE, Mgr.

BASEBALL

At the first sign of warm weather, Captain Rice issued his call for baseball candidates. Of last year's team, Gord Rice, Kip Rice, Sage, McGee, McCorkle, and Dull reported, augmented by such promising candidates as Weadock, French, Watts, and Barth. H. S. Doolittle, who was responsible for the return of the Valley Cup last year, again consented to coach the team.

With such a wealth of material, a fine coach, and a good schedule, the prospects for a winning team have never been brighter.

Saginaw vs. St. Louis

Saginaw opened her baseball season on April 25th, by defeating the strong St. Louis team 11 to 7. As Kip Rice was ineligible, Barth and Veitengruber were sent to the mound. The former showed up better,

for he only allowed two runs and three hits, while five runs and seven hits were gotten off of Veitengruber.

The team seemed to be in mid-season form. They stole bases at will while their hitting and fielding were both good. Weadock, Rice, Sage, and French did the heavy work with the stick, for they each got two hits apiece.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		R	H	E
St. Louis	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	0	—	7	10	6
Saginaw	4	2	0	3	0	0	2	0	*	—	11	10	3

Burnham and ——; Barth, Veitengruber and Rice.

Saginaw vs. Flushing

Flushing was the next victim to fall before the speedy Saginaw nine. The score was 10 to 4.

For the first six innings, the Flushing lads put up a good opposition, but in the seventh the balloon went up. Four singles, five stolen bases, an error, a sacrifice hit gave Saginaw four runs, which were enough to win the game. Watts led his teammates with four hits. Sage came next with three, while Rice and Weadock each got a pair.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		R	H	E
Saginaw	1	0	0	0	0	1	4	0	4	—	10	14	5
Flushing	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	—	4	6	2

Barth, Veitengruber and Rice; Shielder and Douglass.

Saginaw vs. Bay City Eastern

Saginaw journeyed to Bay City on May 9 and defeated Eastern High 8 to 1. Kip Rice pitched his first 1914 game, allowing only three hits.

It again took Saginaw awhile to get started, for they could only get two hits off of Mueller in the first four innings. After starting, however, they made a pair of runs in the fifth, sixth, and seventh innings.

Sage and Weadock each got a pair of bingles while Dull was the only man that failed to connect. McCorkle was forced to quit in the third inning on account of a sprained ankle.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		R	H	E
Saginaw	1	0	0	1	2	2	2	0	0	—	8	10	3
Bay City Eastern..	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	3	4

C. Rice and G. Rice; Mueller and Stiles.

Saginaw vs. Arthur Hill

With Rice pitching airtight ball, Saginaw won from Arthur Hill, May 16, by a 4 to 1 score. Brooks, the West Sider's Freshman phenomenon, pitched a good game but ragged support in pinches were fatal to his hopes.

In the second inning, Saginaw netted three runs. Sage walked, stole second, and was advanced to third on McGee's single. McGee stole second, and when Howson's bunt was thrown away, Sage scored. Kip Rice then doubled, scoring McGee and Howson. In the eighth, Sage tripled and scored when Watkins booted McGee's grounder.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		R	H	E
Arthur Hill	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	5	4
Saginaw	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	*	—	4	6	5

C. Rice and G. Rice; Brooks and Hanafin.

Saginaw vs. Bay City Western

Saginaw suffered her first defeat of the season at the hands of Bay City Western, on May 23rd, by the score of 5 to 3.

Pitcher Rice allowed only five hits, four less than his opponent, Nelson, but the six errors behind him were responsible for the defeat. McGee and Sage led the batting with two hits apiece.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		R	H	E
Saginaw	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	—	3	9	6
Bay City Western..	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	*	—	5	5	1

C. Rice and G. Rice; Nelson and Pittsley.

THE LINE-UP.

CAPTAIN GORDON RICE—"Gord" was a catcher of first rank. Very few men ever stole on him for his sure peg would always get the would-be pilferer.

MANAGER SAGE—Henry was a careful player. He would always get everything that came his way.

McGEE—"Maggie" was a sure fielder and a hard hitter. This is Don's third year on the team.

CLIFFORD RICE—"Kip" certainly showed that he was in as good a form as ever. He has two more years and much is expected of him before he graduates.

McCORKLE—"Jerry" was a consistent player. His injury in the Bay City game made a hard gap to fill.

WEADOCK—"Art" lived up to all expectations. He was a pretty fielder and a good batsman.

WATTS—Harold was the find of the season. His accurate fielding and timely clouting was evidenced in every game.

HOWSON—This was "Stewey's" first year on the team. He was a fast fielder and a good base runner.

BARTH—Artie is also a first year man. He was a valuable man for he could play any position.

VEITENGRUBER—Adolph was a hard worker. He could be depended upon to play a good hard game.

FRENCH—When "Bill" hit the ball, it went. He was also a good fielder.

FRANK A. GORMAN '14.

TRACK
W. J. Hubert

TRACK TEAM

RALPH WALLIS, Capt.

ARNOLD SCHIRMER, Mgr.

TRACK

Captain Wallis' late call for track candidates was answered by a large and promising number. Besides Wallis and Runchey of last year's team, there was Campbell of the 1912 team, and such candidates as Schirmer, Hall and Hackstadt of the 1913 squad that reported.

Owing to the late start and bad weather, the annual interclass meet had to be cancelled.

Saginaw vs. Bay City Eastern

Saginaw journeyed to Bay City on May 16th, and were defeated by a margin of five points, 63 to 58. The Valley records in the Shot, Discus and Half Mile were broken. Pat Smith raised the first two, while the last one was lowered by Gallagher.

THE SUMMARY.

100-Yard Dash—Runchey (S) first; Campbell (S) second; Perkins (BC), third. Time, 11 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Perkins (BC), first; Campbell (S), second; McCloy (BC), third. Time, 24 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—McCloy (BC), first; Runchey (S), second; Gustin (BC), third. Time, 57 seconds.

880-Yard Run—Gallagher (BC), first; Kerr (BC), second; Gustin (BC), third. Time, 2:09.

Mile Run—Gallagher (BC), first; Kerr (BC), second; Shepard (S), third. Time 6:10.

120-Yard High Hurdles—Schirmer (S), first; Hackstadt (S), second; Koehler (S), third. Time, 17 1/5 seconds.

220-Yard Low Hurdles—Perkins (BC), first; McCloy (BC), second; Schirmer (S), third. Time, 26 seconds.

Pole Vault—Wallis, Schirmer, and Hackstadt. Won by default.

Broad Jump—Campbell (S), first; Perkins (BC), second; Runchey (S), third. Distance, 19 feet 11 inches.

High Jump—Hackstadt (S), first; Reid (S), second; Perkins (BC), third. Height, 5 feet 5½ inches.

Shot Put—Smith (BC), first; Reuterbusch (BC), second; Hall (S), third. Distance, 44 feet 8½ inches.

Hammer Throw—Smith (BC), first; Wallis (BC), second; Perkins (BC), third. Distance, 135 feet 3 inches.

Discus Throw—Smith (BC), first; Gorman (S), second; Gallagher (BC), third. Distance, 109 feet 9 inches.

Saginaw vs. Alpena

Alpena won from Saginaw on Memorial Day by a 68 to 49 score. Campbell and Schirmer got most of Saginaw's points while Fitspatrick and Perkins scored heavily for Alpena.

THE SUMMARY.

100-Yard Dash—Campbell (S), first; Perkins (A), second; Runchey (S), third. Time, 10 2/5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Campbell (S), first; Perkins (A), second; Runchey (S), third. Time, 24 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Perkins (A), first; Runchey (S), second; McPhee (A), third. Time, 54 1/5 seconds.

880-Yard Run—McPhee (A), first; Morrison (A), second; Donovan (A), third. Time, 2:11.

Mile Run—Morrison (A), first; Warren (A), second; Singer (A), third. Time, 4:55.

120-Yard Hurdles—Schirmer (S), first; Fitzpatrick (A), second; Warren (A), third. Time, 18 2/5 seconds.

220-Yard Low Hurdles—Schirmer (S), first; Warren (A), second; Fleming (A), third. Time, 28 3/5 seconds.

High Jump—Donovan (A), first; Reid and Schirmer (S), tied for second. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Broad Jump—Campbell (S), first; Hall (S), second; Fitspatrick (A), third. Distance, 19 feet 9 inches.

Pole Vault—Wallis (S) and Schirmer (S), tied for first; Boutin (A), third. Height, 9 feet 6 inches.

Shot Put—Fitzpatrick (A), first; Campbell (A), second; Hall (S), third. Distance, 39 feet 11 inches.

Hammer Throw—Fitzpatrick (A), first; Wallis (S), second; Perkins (A), third. Distance, 107 feet 9 inches.

Discus Throw—Fitzpatrick (A), first; Perkins (A), second; Behnke (A), third. Distance, 99 feet 9 inches.

THE LINE-UP.

CAPTAIN WALLIS—"Dike" was the only man to score for Saginaw at the U. of M. Meet. He was not only a pole vaulter, but also somewhat of a hammer thrower.

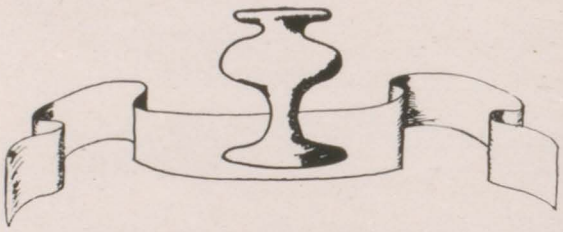
MANAGER SCHIRMER—Arnold filled in fine shape the place left vacant by the graduation of O'Donnell. He has another year and should prove a wonder before he leaves school.

CAMPBELL—"Mac" proved that he could come back. After being out of track a year he showed that he still retained his old "pep" and speed.

RUNCHEY—Jack was a consistent point winner. He featured the dashes and broad jump.

HACKSTADT—"Brute" was the surprise of the season. His pretty form in high jumping was always favorably commented upon everywhere he went.

HALL—Jack was a good steady reliable man. He was a good sprinter and weight man.



Nicknames, Favorite Sayings and Offices

MARTHA ADOMEIT
"Mart"
"How very extraordinary."
Executive Committee.
Aurora.
Girls' Lyceum.

FLORENCE BAUM
"Baum"
"He makes me sick."
Vice-President of Class.
Girls' Lyceum.

ELVA BISHOP
"Ducky"
"I'm in with Miss Kitchen again."
Girls' Lyceum.

FRANKLIN BROMM
"Broomsticks"
"Gee! that's fierce."
Aurora Board.

FLOYD BROWN
"Louie"
"Come on, kids."

CHARLES BURKHOLDER
"Char"
"You don't say."
Football

MALCOLM CAMPBELL
"Mac"
"Archibald."
Track.
Baseball (when eligible).

CHARLES CUMMINGS
"Chuck"
"Theoretically, yes; practically, no."
Aurora Board.
Lyceum.

FLORENCE DRIGGS
"Flossie"
"I imagine it so."
Aurora Board.
G. C. L. S.

WILLIAM FRENCH
"Bull"
"Was haben sie gesazt?"
Football.
Basketball.
Lyceum.

FREIDA BAKER
"Fritz"
"Going to Jeffers?"
Girls' Lyceum.

LORRAINE BRADT
"Lizzie"
"Darling."
Amphion.
Aurora Board.
Student Lantern Staff.
American Literary Society.

GILBERT BROOKS
"Brooksy"
"Really?"
Aurora Board.

ALBERT BAUMGARTEN
"Al"
"Going to Bijou?"
Basketball—Referee.
Football

HARRIET BROWN
"Hattie"
"I feel so bad."
Amphion.
American Literary Society.

NINA COSENDAI
"Fuzzy"
"Oh Jinks!"
Aurora Board.
Girls' Lyceum.

ETHEL COVEY
"Baby"
"Oh land, I don't know."
Girls' Lyceum.

HENRY DAMM
"Chink"
"Oh, what I know about you."
Class Typist.

ADAM FOX
"Foxy"
"Did you hear that?"
Lyceum.

HELEN FRUEH
"Fatty"
"Oh, I feel so silly."
Aurora Board.
G. C. L. S.

RUTH McCLELLAND
"Mac"
"Art."
Aurora Board.
Thencean.

NORINE MAYHEW
"Bunch"
"That gets my goat."
G. C. L. S.

LIONEL MERRILL
"Pudge"
"Now laugh, I don't care."
Aurora Board.

CECILE RABE
"Cel"
"Then we went to church."
G. C. L. S.

DOROTHY REDMOND
"Dot"
"I imagine it is so."
American Literary Society.

GORDON RICE
"Gord"
"Gosh!"
Class Secretary.
Basketball.
Football.
Baseball.

HATTIE RICHARD
"Peggie"
"Oh Gee!"

ANNA ROTH
"Dutch"
"Anything but that."
G. C. L. S.

AGNES WUNDER
"Dimples"
"O Lord!"
G. C. L. S.

ELSA WERNER
"Els"
"I'm in a hurry."
Aurora Board.

BEATRICE WARNER
"Bee"
"Had the loveliest time."
Thencean.

CARL PROESTAL
"Pretzel"
"Is that so?"

HAROLD FURLONG
"Shark"
"Oh Meta!"

GERTRUDE SCHROEDER
"Gert"
"Oh! Whee!"
Girls' Lyceum.

EARL RAYMOND
"Raymond"
"For pity sakes."
Class President.
Aurora Board.
Student Lantern Staff.
Lyceum.
Football.
Basketball.

MURIEL WILKINSON
"Mull"
"Oh shoot!"

RALPH WALLACE
"Dike"
"Quit your kiddin'."
Lyceum.

DONALD WILSON
"Don"
"How about it, kid?"
Aurora Board.
Student Lantern Staff.

GEORGE WINKLER
"Steve"
"Gee whiz! take it from me."
Lyceum.
Football.
Basketball.

BESSIE VANCE
"Peach"
"Be quiet."

WALDO LOSH
"Swipe"—"Herman"
"Go-wan."
Aurora Board.

GRACE ABBOT
"Abby"
"I should worry."
Girls' Lyceum.

RUTH ROBERTSON
"Skin"
"Honest, I don't know a thing."
Aurora Board.
American Literary Society.

ARTHUR SYMONS
"Art"
"Ruth."
Lyceum.

MILTON SCHERPING
"Milt"
"I'll get you yet."
Lyceum.
Aurora Board.
Student Lantern Staff.

WILLIAM O'KEEFE
"Bill"
"Is that so?"
Student Lantern Staff.
Lyceum.

ELLA PARTH
"El"
"What is it?"
G. C. L. S.
Aurora Board.

LYND WALKLING
"Farmer"
"That's just it."
Lyceum.

WILBUR NORTON
"Booze"
Glee Club.
Orchestra.

MAX ROBERTSON
"Max"
"Oh, I don't know."

JOHN RUNCHEY
"Jack"
"Oh, ding it!"
Captain of Football.
Captain of Basketball.

JAY LENICK
"Jay"
"Nix on the rough stuff."

JUNE SPENCER
"Fat"
"Isn't it funny?"
American Literary Society.

ANNA PARSONS
"Parsnips"
"Heavenly day."
G. C. L. S.

LAWRENCE PURDY
"Si"
"That's just it."
Aurora Board.

PAUL GEISLER
"Vick"
"All right."
Valedictorian.
Aurora Board.
Lyceum.

FRANCIS GOODMAN
"Goody"
"Such is life."
G. C. L. S.

MARIAN HAWKINS
"Hawky"
"Order, I want order."
Aurora Board.
Girls' Lyceum.

MARIE HORNING
"Toot"
"Don't you care."
American Literary Society.

SAUL KANTER
"Shrimp"
"Aw, gowan!"
Aurora Board.

GERTRUDE GRANDY
"Gee"
"You're a fine one."
Aurora Board.
Girls' Lyceum.

ELSA JANE HARRIS
"Eliza"
"Oh, I never knew a thing."
Student Lantern Staff.
Aurora Board.
American Literary Society.

BESSIE LIDDLE
"Betty"
"I don't care."
Class Treasurer.
G. C. L. S.

ARDATH LYMAN
"Rosebud"
"Oh dear!"

LOUIS GOECKER
"Gunk"
"Search me."
Aurora Board.

ELLEN GREEN
"Nelly"
"I'm crazy about that."
American Literary Society.
Aurora Board.

RUTH HEINEMAN
"Ruddie"
"Oh dear!"
American Literary Society.

IONE HUBERT
"Billy"
"Cut the comedy."
Aurora Board.

HELEN KORBELIK
"Korby"
"My lands!"

JOHN HALL
"Jack"
"I might just as well excuse myself."
Aurora Board.
Football.
Basketball.

EMIL KRIEG
"Amy"
"For the love of Mike."
Executive Committee.
Aurora Board.

IRVING LYMAN
"Swirving"
"Darling."
Lyceum.
Aurora Board.

1913--Chronicles--1914

Sept. 2—School opens. Back to the old drudgery.

" 3—Capt. Runchey sends out call for football men, which is poorly responded to.

" 5—Freshmen feel the need of their nurses. Seniors respond eagerly to their wails.

" 9—First chapel exercises. Dr. Bradley renders memorial services for the late Melville Brooks. Mr. Peters, president of the Alumni Association, gives a sketch of Mr. Brooks' life.

" 24—We now have chapel exercises on Wednesday. Mr. Warner's talk on the life of Colonel Goethals is especially fine.

" 30—Football men turn out for practice—at the Jeffers.

Oct. 1—Alice Brady renders a fine flute solo in chapel.

" 7—The paddle brigade, headed by Capt. Meibeyer, has a busy day in front of school. Several are "paddled."

" 10—Severe special meeting of Lyceum. New members "welcomed" by Mr. Gorman. Whatley protects the new members from Mr. Gorman's advances.

" 13—The second team invaded Bay City, defeating their scrubs 35 to 0.

" 15—Fire drill in chapel today. Students do not seem to fear the "fire," as poor time is made in "escaping."

" 16—Another fire drill today on account of yesterday's poor showing.

" 17—Miniature revolt in Lyceum. "Dictator" Whatley deposed.

" 18—Saginaw loses the first game of the season to Bay City E., 27 to 13.

" 25—Saginaw swamps Detroit Eastern, 44 to 6.

" 29—Mr. Warner almost tells the students the story about Ahasuerus.

" 30 } Great sorrow because we do not go to school today. Teachers in Ann
" 31 } Arbor.

Nov. 1—Second team cleans up Arthur Hill scrubs 81 to 0.

" 3—Mass meeting for Detroit Central game. Our friend "Rippy" presides over the enthusiastic crowd.

" 5—Seniors endeavor to teach their "infants" the school yells. "Alla ga zim, Alla ga zam," is barred.

" 5—Juniors elect Kurt Oppermann president and Bernice Stranahan vice-president.

" 6—Great sorrow; Sheldon sprains his ankle.

" 8—Although fighting gamely, Saginaw loses to Detroit C., 26 to 7.

" 10—Juniors elect Arthur Winston secretary and Jessie Witherall treasurer.

" 14—Boys go to chapel today to hear about the State Boys' Conference.

" 15—Although greatly outweighed we defeat Ann Arbor 22 to 0.

" 17—Seniors elect Earl Raymond president, Florence Baum vice-president.

" 18—Freshies beat out Sophs by electing Wayne Wenger president.

" 21—Sophs elect Gordon Wilbur president.

" 22—Port Huron proves better mud-hens than Saginaw and defeats us by the score of 7 to 6.

" 24—The boys hear a very interesting and instructive talk on the uses and manufacturing of Carborundum.

" 27—Saginaw loses to Arthur Hill for the first time in nineteen years. Score 19 to 0.

" 28, " 29, " 30 } State Boys' Conference here. Largely attended.

Dec. 5—Cummings asks Mr. Warner what an honorable record of the Lyceum should be. He seems satisfied with Mr. Warner's reply.

" 8—Several boys suddenly take a liking for plaid bow ties.

" 11—Whatley succeeds in selling his bow tie for 17 cents. Good work, "Rippy."

" 11—The football men are the guests of Mr. E. C. Warriner at a banquet in the Manual Training building's dining-room.

" 12—Freshies enjoy their frolic. Some of their nurses are disappointed for their "infants" seem to be able to go alone without their guiding hand.

" 12—High School Orchestra makes its first appearance at the frolic.

" 12—Whatley regains the chair of the Lyceum after a prolonged "vacation."

" 17—The football men elect Don Magee captain of the '14 squad.

" 19—The social season opens with the annual football hop. Pete Shearer makes a fine censor, but we know you, Pete.

" 19—Hooray for Christmas vacation.

Jan. 5—Back to school again. Many nifty (?) Christmas presents and ties in evidence.

" 7—Seniors elect Aurora Executive Board. They are Earl Raymond, Emil Kreig, Martha Adomeit, Don Hanaford and Jay Lenick.

" 9—Saginaw High's basketball quintet shows remarkable speed in their opening game. They defeat the giant Alumni team, 30 to 24. The boys admire Bill Steckert's "improved" form. Keep it up, Bill, and you will be an alderman.

" 12—Popp, Winkler and Meibeyer make a social call in Grayling. They meet with marked success.

" 14—Prof. E. C. Miller gave the story of "Beowulf" in chapel today.

" 15—The Aurora Board is announced.

" 16—Bay City journeys here to suffer defeat at the hands of Saginaw, which was administered to the tune of Saginaw 24, Bay City 17.

" 19—Seniors decide to give a party and a play. The girls do not want outsiders at the party although Winkler wishes to do the escorting act to a beautiful little Freshman.

" 21—Mr. Warner gives the final decisions regarding the coming semester exams. One little Senior is discouraged in finding he cannot be excused for a cut finger, so forthwith sprains his delicate wrist.

" 22—Aurora dedicated to the memory of the late Melville Brooks.

" 22—Football sweaters arrive. Some are unwilling to display them yet. One Senior falls all over himself to allow Elsa to see his new "S" sweater.

" 23—"Brute" runs the Lyceum. He is considerably fussed and after roll call asks for the roll call of the previous meeting. He also offers Cummings the chair. Cummings, however, only wants the floor.

" 23—Saginaw is nearly beaten by Arthur Hill. Score, 42 to 40.

" 30—American Literary Society gives a pretty party in gym. A few boys enjoy dancing but are cut out on the "eats."

" 30—Although greatly in favor, the Wickes Bros. fail to be elected marshal on account of constitutional difficulties.

" 30—Another close game for Saginaw. McCorkle's perfect foul shooting at the last saves us though. Score, Saginaw 21, Lansing 19.

" 31—Juniors give their annual hop in spite of the weatherman who kept the crowd thin. Many of the boys fall back on "Dad" for a hack.

Feb. 4—In chapel today Mr. Warner gave an interesting talk on the Gum industry. It produced quite a sensation and several "refineries" went out of business. "I never chew gum anyway," is heard quite often.

" 6—Saginaw's State championship balloon suddenly breaks. Grand Rapids punctures it by a 50 to 22 score.

" 9—Seniors are still for a strictly class party. They elect Paul Geisler valedictorian.

" 13—President O'Keefe instructs Whatley in the business of writing minutes.

" 20—Saginaw journeys to Detroit. Our team gives them an awful scare in the first half, but lose out in the second. Score 31 to 22.

" 25—The new High School Orchestra favors us in chapel today.

" 27—Saginaw again defeats Arthur Hill five. Score 46 to 25. And they thought they had a chance.

Mar. 2—The Senior iron class celebrates the arrival of Laine B. Kelsey at proud father's expense.

" 3—Saginaw wins from Bay City Western, 43 to 17. The team's credit does not stand very well in Bay City.

" 6—Although the team lost for the first time to Bay City E. on their floor, the rooters did not seem to care. "Brute" is very popular with the boys, some even seeing him home.

" 6—Mr. Tanis takes chair as O'Keefe has a very severe bronchial affliction (?). "Dotty" is given some training on the proper running of a meeting.

" 11—The Aurora poet, Robert Hardon, won the oratorical contest over Otto Rhode and Milton Scherping. He gave an exceptionally well-written oration on "An Ideal Citizenship." His delivery deserves especial note.

" 12—Archer Roseberry won the declamation contest today. His presentation of the "Guillotine," by Victor Hugo (not Geisler), was very well given indeed. It is also to be noted that more interest is being taken in declamation and oratory than ever before. An even dozen participated in today's program.

" 13—Many Seniors attend their party in the gym. Everybody enjoyed themselves. "Brute" seems not to have recovered himself from a week ago, as he was wearing a headache band.

" 13—Henceforth, until the literary program is finished, W. W. Warner will conduct the Lyceum. Some members are heard to say, "I told you so." Two programs completed up to date.

" 21—Bill French enjoys a quiet side game when the Lyceum is "mugged." It is to be noted that Bill is the only one who enjoys himself.

" 24—The Senior "trig" class begins to have their fun. No more class-room work.

" 25—We go to chapel to the tune of a spirited march played on our school piano, which seems to have a severe cold or something. The Glee Club manages (barely) to sing with the aid of our beloved piano. President Blaisdell of Alma College talks to us.

" 25—Class basketball games. Seniors win from Sophs in an exciting game which ran overtime. Juniors easily defeat the Freshies.

" 27—Girls have class games. Many boys see their first (?) game of girls' basketball. Dancing is enjoyed after the game.

April 2—Final class basketball games. Seniors win the school championship.

" 3—We hear that G. I. L.'s aunt has given him a sewing machine. What does "Iry" want with that?

" 13—Merrill takes the picture of the Senior class.

" 14—Merrill begins to reap in the profits on his pictures.

" 15—Charles Cummings wins the preliminary to the Peninsular Oratorical Contest.

" 20—Brooks gets the "get-rich-quick" bug. He sells the trig. class three-cent notebooks for fifteen cents.

" 24—Lyceum debates on Saginaw's liquor question. A testimonial of one interested in the question is referred to.

" 25—S. H. S. defeats St. Louis in the opening game.

" 26—Mr. Tanis "shocks" the physic classes.

" 30—The interclass track meet is held despite cold weather. Seniors defeat All-school team. It is so cold that several track men suddenly develop "game" legs.

May 4—Who blew water in the gas pipes in the chemical lab.?

" 5—Lyman advertises his Grant in the parade which celebrates Baseball Opening Day.

" 8—Lyceum votes in twenty new members. Also holds banquet.

" 12—Boy removed from very choice neighborhood in first hour English XII class.

" 15—Lyceum elects officers for next year.

" 20—Seniors vote on their announcements. They will have the class pin embossed in gold at the top.

" 22—Senior Literary section defeats Lyceum in debate. Gorman is very eloquent.

" 29—Seniors give very well executed play, "The Private Secretary."

" 29—Dr. Bancroft, an eye-witness of the assassination of Lincoln, entertains the school with his account of that historic event. He is an exceptionally good speaker.

June 3—An "old clothes man" seems to have swindled some of our innocent classmates. Three boys appear in antique suits but are informed that they are not in style.

" 5—The Gym. Exhibition is a great success as usual.

" 15—Juniors present fine vaudeville production at Germania.

" 21—Seniors hear Dr. Dunkel's Baccalaureate Sermon.

" 25—This is when we graduate.

GILBERT BROOKS.

Saginaw High School Track Records

Event	Record	By Whom Held	When and Where Made
100-Yard Dash	10⅕ seconds	F. W. Adams	U. of M. Meet, 1913
220-Yard Dash	23⅕ seconds	E. Chilton	Port Huron Meet, 1910
440-Yard Dash	52⅗ seconds	R. Loveland	M. A. C. Meet, 1913
880-Yard Run	2:08	G. Seeley	Alpena Meet, 1913
Mile Run	4:52	G. Seeley	Alpena Meet, 1913
220-Yard Hurdles	26⅘ seconds	F. W. Adams	Arthur Hill Meet, 1903
120-Yard Hurdles	17 seconds	J. Birss	Valley Meet, 1907
High Jump	5 feet 8½ inches	F. W. Adams	U. of M. Meet, 1903
Pole Vault	10 feet 3 inches	W. Cook	U. of M. Meet, 1910
Broad Jump	20 feet 9 inches	D. Cooper	Valley Meet, 1911
Shot Put	42 feet 7 inches	H. Kanzler	U. of M. Meet, 1907
Hammer Throw	121 feet	E. Davis	Valley Meet, 1905
Discus Throw	98 feet 7 inches	B. Robinson	Valley Meet, 1908

Saginaw Valley Association Records

Event	Record	By Whom Held	School
100-Yard Dash	10 seconds	Comstock	Alpena.
220-Yard Dash	23 seconds	Morrison	West Branch.
440-Yard Dash	54 seconds	Wall	Saginaw.
880-Yard Run	2:10⅖	Sheldon	West Branch.
Mile Run	4:36⅗	Sheldon	West Branch.
220-Yard Hurdles	25⅗ seconds	Smith	Bay City Eastern.
120-Yard Hurdles	17 seconds	Birss	Saginaw.
High Jump	10 feet 1 inch	Cook	Saginaw.
Pole Vault	5 feet 6¾ inches	Davis	Saginaw.
Broad Jump	20 feet 9 inches	Cooper	Saginaw.
Shot Put	42 feet 2½ inches	Smith	Bay City Eastern.
Hammer Throw	145 feet 2 inches	Fordney	Arthur Hill.
Discus Throw	100 feet 2 inches	Quinn	Arthur Hill.

HUMOR

Koehler—"Do you like beans?"
McNally—"Yes, I do."
Koehler—"Too bad you never had one."

Clara (looking at bonnets, etc.)—"Don't you think they're handsome?"
Agnes (gazing out of window)—"Very, especially the one with the black mustache."

Minister—"Do you attend a place of worship every Sunday night?"
Taylor—"Yes, I'm on my way to see her now."

Fond Husband—"If ever I attempt to hang myself, I hope no one will cut me down before I am dead."
Wife—"Don't worry. I'll see that no one disturbs you!"

MODERN AGES.

A boom, a match, a suffragette,
A moment of joy; then gloom.
A "cap," a nurse, a parade, a hearse,
A minister and then a t-o-m-b!

McNally—"They tell me that woman is a gossip."
Whitney—"Do you think she is reliable?"
McNally—"I know that whatever she says goes."

The Associate Editor—"I have some paragraphs on 'socks' here. Where shall I put them?"
The Chief—"Among the foot-notes."

She—"I love and I am loved."
Molly—"Then you must be perfectly happy."
She—"But it isn't the same man."

IN SENIOR REVIEW.

Teacher—If your mother gave you a nickel and your father gave you a dime, what would you have?"
Runchey—"A fit."

Miss M. K.—"William Penn was a short, stubby man."
Furlong—"I suppose he was the original stub pen."

EXTRACT FROM A HISTORY PAPER.

The winter was very cold and there was much suffering, so that nearly all the Pilgrims died, but in the Spring they livened up again and went to work.

When we hear the Glee Club sing
  We wonder how they dare;
Yet we suppose they have the right
  Because they have the air.

Lady—"I would like something in oil for my dining-room."
Salesman—"A painting or a box of sardines?"

We always laugh at teachers' jokes
  No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny,
  But because it's policy.

A LAZY MAN'S LETTER.

I'm in a 10der mood 2day,
  I feel poetic 2;
For fun I'll just — off a line,
  I'm sorry I've been 60 long,
And send it off 2 U.
  Do not be disconsol8,
But bear Ure ills with 42de,
  And they won't seem 2 gr8.

"My eyes," said the potato, "but this is poor soil for a garden."

"That's right," said the onion, "I don't get along worth a scent; and I'm losing strength every day."

"I'm going to leave," said the cabbage. "I'll never be able to get ahead here."

"This spot isn't fit for a berrying-ground," said the strawberry. "But here comes the sun and we'd better dry up!"

IT COULDN'T WAIT LONGER.

Merrill (at Bancroft)—"What on earth is the matter with you this evening, waiter? First you give me the fish and now you give me the soup."

Waiter (confidentially)—"Well, to tell the truth, sir, it was high time you 'ad that fish."

HOW HE BROUGHT THE TEARS.

Charles.—"What do you do when you forget your lines?"

Geisler—"I just repeat the multiplication table in a muffled voice. I had the house in tears the other night over nine times nine are seventy-two."

HAD ALL THE EDUCATION NECESSARY.

College President—"You can't get into our college. You are not qualified in the entrance requirements in Sanskrit, Greek or Calculus."

Al. Baumgarten—"No; but I am very well grounded in reading, writing and arithmetic."

College President—"Great Scott! man, you don't need a college education. Why don't you go into business?"

SHE KNEW.

I——"What do you consider the best way to propose?"

L——"Promptly."

Miss B. (to tenth grade Geometry class)—"What is a straight line?"

Philip—"A straight line is one which always runs in the same direction unless it is bent."

GOOD FOR A SECOND TIME.

Jack—"Now that your engagement is broken, are you going to make Frances send back those letters?"

Bill—"You bet I am. I worked hard thinking out those letters. They're worth using again."

SAME THING.

Symons—"I thought you said he was a settlement worker."
Bromm—"He is."
Symons—"Why, he tells me he's a bill collector."
Bromm—"Well?"

Weary Willie—"There's wuss tings den gold bricks."
Meandering Mike—"How's dat?"
Weary Willie—"A lady sed she'd give me a cake if I'd chop some wood for her."
Meandering Mike—"Wat's th' trouble, wouldn't she give ya a cake?"
Weary Willie—"Yes; a Cake of Soap!"

WHY HE WAS DESPONDENT.

He had just been rejected and the shock had a telling effect upon him.
"I shall never marry now," he said dejectedly.
"Don't be foolish! Why not?" she inquired.
"Well," he said, "if you won't have me, who will?"

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?"
Johnny—"Yes, sir. I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."

HOW SHE CURED HIM.

Marian—"Why did she marry him?"
Elsa—"To cure him of drinking."
Marian—"And did she succeed?"
Elsa—"Yes; she's so extravagant that he cannot afford it."

WHICH WAS THE TRUTHFUL END?

"Why don't you go in?" inquired one tramp of the other as they stood before the gate, "dat dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?"

"Sure I do." said the second tramp, "but he's agrowlin' too, and I don't know which end to believe."

WHEN SHE WOULD RETURN.

"I saw your mother going to one of your neighbors just across the street, as I came across the road," said the lady caller to her friend's little son. "Do you know when she will be back?"

"Yes'm," answered the truthful Jimmy, "she said sh'd be back just as soon as you left."

IRISH RETORT.

A pompous physician, who was inclined to criticize others, was watching a stone-mason build a fence for his neighbor and thought the mason was using too much mortar. He said:

"Jim, mortar covers up a good many mistakes, does it not?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the mason, "and so does the spade."

A FRIENDLY REQUEST.

He was subject to fainting speels and before starting he wrote this note, which he pinned to his shirt:

"To the Doctor: If I fall on the street and am taken to the hospital, do not operate. My appendix has been removed twice already."

"I will go down the chimney first, if you don't mind," said the polite chimney-sweep.

"Oh, certainly, soot yourself," replied the equally courteous assistant.

"After all," said Jay, "it's true that, 'He laughs best who laughs last'."

"Not at all," replied Earl, "the really true saying is, 'He laughs best whose laugh lasts'."

DOUBTFUL CONSOLATION.

"Mary," complained the husband, "why do you suppose it is that people all say that I have such a large head?"

"I do not know, I'm sure, John," said his wife consolingly; "but never mind, there's nothing in it."

Mr. T. (taking hold of a Freshman's collar)—"Young man, I believe the devil has hold of you."

Freshman—"Yes, sir; I believe so."

APPROPRIATE GARMENTS.

Grasshopper—Leggins.
Waterbug—Hose.
Woodpecker—Cutaway.
Cockroach—Pumps.
Spider—Suspenders.

Kid Brother—"I like you better than sis' other fellow."
Sister's Beau—"Why?"
Kid Brother—"Because you don't hang your handkerchief over the keyhole."

Dear Dad: Please send me some money right away. I'm obliged to go around in taxicabs, my shoes are so bad.

The stupid Jack pondered long and wearily over the joke. Suddenly he burst into a fit of laughter and lost his balance. "Now I tumble," he cried, just before he landed.

"Hello! your clock's fast, isn't it?"
"Sure. It wouldn't stay on the wall if it weren't."

Miss L. (History IX)—"You may recite on the age of Pericles."
Freshie (nudging his neighbor)—"Hey, how old was the old guy, anyway?"

Tramp—"Lady, I am perishing for a drink."
Woman—"There's the pump."
Tramp—"I said a drink, lady,—not a bath."

"I observed," said the teacher, "while looking over that essay which you wrote for me, that you used the phrase 'lean hours.' How can there be such a thing as 'lean hours'?"

"Why not," demanded the Freshie. "There is such a thing as a 'spare moment,' isn't there?"

THE SOUND AND THE SENSE.

A schoolboy, asked to write an essay on cats, made the following statements:

Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats are known by their queer purrs; these are called Purrisian cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorie cats. Sometimes a very fine cat is called Magnificate cats. Cats with very deep feeling is called Feline cats.

COLLEGE HAS BEGUN.

"D'ye make a living writing?"

"Yep; writing father."

GENERAL USE.

"The vacuum system seems now to be applied to everything."

"Quite so. I know of a number of people who even think with it."

TOO SWIFT.

"Do any of the good things you hops for ever come to pass?"

"They all come to pass; but they come and pass so fast I can't grab them."

A medical professor wrote on the blackboard:

"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to His Majesty the King."

In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found when he returned that some wag had added to the announcement the words: "God save the King."

OPTIMISM.

"And what do you propose to do now, William?" asked the father of the son who had just come home after graduation from college.

"Oh," yawned the optimistic young man, "I think I'll go over to New York and look for a position at $5,000 per—you understand? At $5,000 per."

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "I understand. You mean at $5,000, perhaps."

A PICKLED PAIR (PEAR).

SIMPLE ANSWER.

Some time ago an Irishman presented himself before a Liverpool magistrate to seek advice.

"Sorr," he said, "I kapes hens in my cellar, but th' water pipes is burst, an' me hens is all drowned."

"Sorry I can't do anything for you," said the magistrate. "You had better apply to the water company."

A few days later Pat appeared again.

"Well, what now? What did the water company tell you?" queried the magistrate.

"They tould me, yer honor," was the reply, "to kape ducks."

COUNTY CITIZENS ONLY.

The following announcement appeared on the poster advertising the country fair:

"Among the other attractions of this great fair, there will be highly amusing donkey and pig races."

IN TRAINING.

"How gracefully that man eats corn on the cob."

"Yes; but so he ought. He's a piccolo player."

TOO MUCH FOR THE WHALE.

The Sunday school teacher was making a review of the Bible lessons.

"Who was the wisest man, James?"

"Solomon."

"That's right. Now, Frank, who was the strongest man?"

"Jonah."

"Wrong. What reason have you for believing Jonah to be the strongest man?"

"'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he had him down."

JUST THE KIND.

A lecturer was touring through the country recently, and delivered an address before an audience in a country schoolhouse.

In the course of his remarks he reviewed the agricultural prospects of the country, and as an illustration told a story of a poor farmer who had died leaving to his wife the farm heavily mortgaged. He said that the widow set to work with a will, and succeeded upon one year's wheat crop in paying off the entire mortgage.

When he had completed his lecture, the gentleman shook hands and greeted the members of his audience. One middle-aged man finally approached him thoughtfully, and began:

"I say, mister, you told a story 'bout the widow raising a mortgage on one year's crop."

"Yes, my friend; that was a true story. It happened only two years ago."

"Well, sir, could you tell me who that widow is? She's just the kind of woman I've been looking for all the time."

HATED TO BOTHER HIM.

A prominent motor racer was asked by a friend if he would be so kind as to allow three young women to accompany him while he was trying a new racing car.

"Why, I can't be bothered with passengers at a time like that, and especially with women. They always talk to me, and I must not have my mind distracted. It might prove dangerous, you know."

"But those girls won't bother you. I'll tell them not to. One of them is my sister. They are crazy to go; want to say they have ridden with you. You know what girls are."

"Well, if you will tell them they mustn't speak to me while I'm driving, they may come. They must sit still and not do anything to distract my mind. You impress this upon them. If they are willing to do this, they may come."

The promise was made and they started. At one place the driver ran over an obstacle, and there was a tremendous bump. He did not try to look around,

as he was going at a rapid rate of speed, but presently he felt a timid touch on his shoulder.

"What is it?" he growled.

A weak little voice answered him: "Really, I hate to bother you. I know I shouldn't, and I promised not to; but I felt I must tell you that Helen isn't with us."

OFF HIS GUARD.

Among the members of a fashionable country club are a doctor and a minister, who delight in the exchange of repartee touching their respective professions.

As they met one day, the minister observed that he was "going to read to old Thomson," adding, as he was aware that the old man was a patient of his friend the doctor: "Is he much worse?"

With the gravest of expressions the physician replied: "He needs your help more than mine."

Off his guard, the minister exclaimed anxiously: "Poor fellow! Is he as bad as that?"

"Yes," was the reply; "he is suffering from insomnia."

A CURIOUS WORD.

There is a curious word in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a male, the first three a female, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman. The word is "Heroine."

WHERE THE MINISTER SCORED.

The young lawyer didn't like the minister and so he thought to corner him. "Now, Doctor," he asked, "suppose the parsons and the devil should have a lawsuit, which party do you think would win?"

"The devil, unquestionably," replied the minister.

"Ah!" chuckled the young lawyer, "and why?"

"Because he would have all the lawyers on his side."

HOW IS IT?

"How is it, sir, that I find you kissing my daughter? I repeat, sir, how is it?"

"Fine, sir, fine!" replied the young man.

He—"Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?"

She—"Why do you put the skin of another calf on your feet?"

BORROWED JINGLES.

A maid, a man, an open fan,
A seat upon the stair;
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss,
And forty years of care.

AFRAID.

Teacher—"I'm tempted to give a test."
Student—"Yield not to temptation."

FATHER'S ANSWER.

He—"What did your father say when you told him that my love for you was as strong as the rushing river?"
She—"Dam it."

Robertson—"I'm going to take my English test."
Gorman—"In what?"
Robertson—"Greek, you farmer."

ONE COLD MORNING.

February 16th Campbell came to school with Frost in his arm. We usually speak of frost being a man named Jack, but this was a Miss Frost.

Gross and Krieg were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally Krieg said, "No, Walter, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."
"No," retorted Gross, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the city."

Losch—"Yes, my memory is getting very bad. By this time tomorrow I shall have forgotten everything I have done today."
Bootie—"H'm! Could you oblige me with the loan of a fiver, old chap?"

Though five years old, she wept and cried,
Her mother and aunties quite defied,
"I won't wear rompers, like Cousin Ned—
I want real dresses!" she hotly said.
"I want real dresses, like yours and aunt's,
I never can mother my doll in pants!"

WASHED WHILE YOU WAIT.

In one of the large hospitals of the city there is a waiting room where patients sit until rooms or wards are assigned to them, and where visitors sit, waiting their turns to visit friends or relatives who are sick there.

One day a boy stuck his head in the doorway and shouted, "Mr. Robertson!"

Two men started up. One stepped forward quickly and followed the boy and the other dropped back into his seat.

The boy led Max to a small room on the third floor and he went in. Two doctors were there, surrounded by all sorts of terrifying apparatus.

"Robertson?" asked one of the doctors.

"Yes, sir."

"Come here and have your stomach washed out."

"But," protested Max wildly, "I don't want my stomach washed out."

"That's what they all say," retorted the doctor. "Grab him." And they took Robertson, shoved him into a chair and in a twinkling had a stomachpump in him. After the operation the doctor looked sternly at the wilted and shivering Max and said, "Dod gast you. You ate some breakfast this morning. I told you to eat nothing!"

"Of course, I ate my breakfast," said Max. "Why shouldn't I eat my breakfast? I never saw you before."

"What are you in here for?" demanded the doctor.

"Why," gasped Max, "I came here to see a friend."

O'Keefe—"I had supposed until yesterday, Doctor Oppermann, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past."

Oppermann—"And so they are. But what changed your mind?"

O'Keefe—"The bill you sent me."

"In your sermon you spoke of a baby as 'a new wave on the ocean of life'."

"Quite so; a poetical figure."

"Don't you think 'a fresh squall' would have hit the mark better?"

A Scot whose name was MacIntosh, and who was proud of the fact that he was directly descended from the chief of the clan, was having a dispute over the fare he owed to a taxi driver who had transported him to his home in the east end.

The man with the meter talked loudly and harshly and it angered the Highlander.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, proudly drawing himself up to his full height. "I'm a MacIntosh."

The taxi driver snorted.

"I don't care if you're an umbrella," he said, "I'll have my rights."

Jack—"I am a candidate for your hand."
Helen—"But my parents have endorsed another young man."
Jack—"All right; I'll run as an insurgent."

"Please, mum, the new neighbors want to know if you'll lend them the lawnmower today?"

"What! Lend them the lawnmower on the Sabbath? Tell them, Jane, we haven't one."

Now, Miss Blanchard, is it better to allow someone else to commit a wrong, or is it better to tell a lie? Honestly, we haven't slept nights over it.

I'd rather be a Could Be,
  If I couldn't be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be,
  With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
  Than a Might Have Been by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
  But a Has was once an Are.

Norton—"How much for that suit of clothes, if I pay cash?"
Whatley—"Forty dollars."
Norton—"How much on credit?"
Whatley—"Eighty dollars, half of it down."

Senior—"What are you running for, Sonny?"
Freshman—"I'm tryin' to keep two fellers from fightin'."
Senior—"Who are the fellows?"
Freshman—"Russel Curtis and me."

MORE FITTING.

A young lady and her fiance were waiting for a street car. After several cars had passed and they were unable to get aboard, the young man became impatient. He waved frantically at the next car as it hove in sight, then leaped upon the platform and said in a pleading voice:

"Come on, Helen, we can manage to squeeze in here, can't we?"

She blushed faintly, but sweetly replied: "I suppose we can, dear, but don't you think we'd better wait until we get home?"

Mr. K.—"You don't want to meet Mrs. Gaybird, you say."

Mrs. K.—"No, I pick my friends."

Mr. K.—"Well, she's just the sort of woman you and your friends would like to pick—to pieces."

WHERE HE WAS VALUABLE.

"Yes," said the celebrated oculist, "he had some trouble with his eyes. Every time he began to read he would read double, and yet he is able to hold a very high salaried position."

"Why, what can he do?"

"The gas company gave him a job reading meters."

CRAMPED.

"What's the matter with this elevator?" asked the nervous man. "You keep trying to run it through the roof."

"You'll have to excuse me," replied the operator, "I'm not used to one of these little twenty story buildings."

THE ISHMAELITE.

Paying Teller—"You must get someone to identify you before I can pay this check. Have you any friends in this town?"

Stranger—"Not one. I'm the dog-catcher."

NEXT.

Gladys—"Did the hostess put you next to Mr. R. at the dinner last night?"

Helen—"Well, I should manifest concern! She told me his whole awful past."

'Twas Mary's wish, when ten years old,
To be queen with courtiers bold—
The mistress of her own household—
And wear a crown of yellow gold.

Now Mary is a city squaw—
The prettiest queen you ever saw;
Her crown of gold's her only flaw—
It's way back in her lower jaw.

Whatley (in Chemistry)—"A gram of iron is heavier than a gram of sulphur."

A GENTLE KNOW.

Gertrude—"Martha tells me that young W-l-i-g proposed to her last night."
Frieda—"I don't think I know him. Is he well off?"
Gertrude—"He certainly is. She refused him."

LUCKY HAYES.

Clergyman (indignantly)—"You say you haven't anything to be thankful for. Why, look at your neighbor, Hayes, he has just lost his wife by influenza."
Burke—"But that don't do me any good; I ain't Hayes."

SUITORS, TAKE NOTICE!

She who hesitates is won.

AN INFALLIBLE RECIPE.

What to do to obtain white hands: Nothing.

AROUSED SUSPICION.

Old R.—"Why did you quarrel with the Count, my dear?"
Miss R.—He called me his treasure and it sounded altogether too suggestive."

BOUND TO KEEP IT SECRET.

Mr Howson—What did your boy learn at High school?"
Mr. McCorkle—"Says he can't tell me."
Mr. Howson—"Why not?"
Mr. McCorkle—"Says it is a secret."
Mr. Howson—"Nonsense!"
Mr. McCorkle—"No; you know he learned the football signals."

A NEW USE OF THE ROD.

Teacher—"Do you think it is a good thing to spank a child?"
Principal—"Well, it often relieves the teacher of a bad fit of temper."

ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY.

"What has your little girl learned at school?"
"Principally that her eyes are not mates; that she will have to be vaccinated; and that her method of breathing is antiquated."

THEIR STORIES AGREED.

Autoist—"I have not paid a cent for repairs on my machine in all the ten months I've had it."

Friend—"So the man who did the repairs told me."

"What do you charge for rooms?"
"Five dollars up."
"But I'm a student."
"Then it is five dollars down."

McCorkle—"Your fare, miss."
Ruth—"Really, do you think so?"

Judge (to burglar)—"What's your trade?"
Burglar—"I'm a locksmith."
Judge—"What were you doing when the police arrived?"
Burglar—"Making a bolt for the door."

What is thunder?
Why, it is a weather report.

Miss M. (Commercial Geography)—"What is Peru's principal export?"
Freshie—"Peruna."

He—"Can't I get anything to eat in this store?"
Floor-walker—"Interior furnishings second floor."

Merrill (to baker)—"Got any stale rolls?"
Baker—"Yes, my lad."
Merrill—"Serves you right. You should have sold them when they were fresh."

Tommy (reading)—"How the wind is blowin'."
Teacher—"Why, Tommy, where's your 'g'?"
Tommy—"Gee! How the wind is blowin'."

THE CYNIC.

He's always first about to have a pain;
He always knows it's first about to rain.
With many grim forebodings he is cursed;
His auto tire is just about to burst.
He always sees his country's early doom;
His goal of life is nothing but the tomb.
He always sees the big trusts raising hob,
He always sees a grave financial smash,
And sits around waiting for the crash.
There is no good in anything at all,
He hates the winter, summer, spring and fall.
When others to gay picnics go,
He sits at home and waits for it to snow.
He's always looking for the worst of it,
And thinks that every man is a hypocrite.
He always looks as cheerful as a crutch,
And nothing in this world amounts to much.
A hardened, wrinkled, sour faced pessimist,
He'll die and never know what he has missed.

In the parlor there were three—
The girl, the lamp, and he.
Two is a company; no doubt
That is why the lamp went out.

We hereby dedicate the following most affectionately:

"Where the River Shannon flows."—"Hank" Shannon.
"I've got you, Steve."—Esther Holland.
"Little Brown Jug."—Arthur Symons.
"I'd rather two-step than waltz, Bill."—Elsa Harris.
"The Juno waltz."—June Spencer.
"Would you if you could?"—Irving Lyman.
"Gee! I'm scared."—Florence Driggs.
On the old front porch: "Move over, Charlie."—Marie Horning.
"On Sunday evening."—Ruth Robertson.
"Over the river."—Ruth McClelland.

Bridegroom—"My wife is the dearest thing on earth to me."

Sympathetic Friend—"You'll find that to be truer and truer as the bills come in."

MILESTONES ON THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

The man that keeps good-natured,
  By fortune undismayed,
Is the man that comes out winner
  When the final hand is played;
There is e'en a certain triumph
  That compels respect complete
In the way that a real sportsman
  Takes his dose of stern defeat.

Live for something, have a purpose,
  And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
  Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
  If some start had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely,
  But they drifted with the tide.

It is better to try and fail, than to fail to try.

He who saves another's character is greater than he who saves his life.

Through struggle and effort we rise to our best,
And only the weary appreciate rest.

Blessed are they who have the power of making friends, for it is one of God's greatest gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of oneself and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in others.

If any little word of ours
  Can make one life the brighter,
If any little song of ours
  Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word,
  And take our bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
  And set the echoes ringing.

Thou must thyself be true, if thou the truth wouldst teach.

Drop the subject when you don't agree; there is no need to be bitter because you know that you are right.

It's the songs ye sing
  And the smiles ye wear
That's a-makin' the sun
  Shine everywhere.

No one would discover that you had a temper if you did not exhibit it occasionally.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

If you have a thousand friends,
  You have not a friend to spare;
If you have an enemy,
  You meet him everywhere.

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

Do not look for bad or evil,
  You will find it if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
  He will measure up to you.

Everybody finds out, sooner or later, that success worth having is founded on Christian rules of conduct.

AT THE STEW CLUB.

Bootie—"Where shall we three meet again and under what conditions?"
Popp—"When his pocket-book is full, we'll rely on Johnny Dull."
Hamather—"That will be next Saturday night."
Bootie—"Where the place?"
Popp—"Down at John's."
Hamather—"There to meet with Campbell."
Bootie—"I come, papa."
Hamather—"Mamma calls."
Popp—"Let us hence."
Enter, John—"Come on, boys, you can't stay here all night. It's twelve o'clock."

"This," said the teacher to her class of small arithmeticians, "is a unit."

Then she peeled the apple and holding up the peel, asked: "Now, children, what is this?"

Silence was her only response.

"Come," she urged, "you know what it is."

Little Billy's hand went up slowly.

"Well, William?" the teacher smiled encouragingly, and Willie answered: "Please, mum, it's the skin of a unit."

Said A 2 B,
"I C U R
Inclined 2 B A J."
Said B 2 A,
"UR mind I C
Shows signs of slight DK."

She always darned her hose with silk,
The holes were quite extensive.
The price of silk was very high—
Which made them darned—expensive.

THE HENS WERE JEALOUS.

"My dear," said the Professor's wife, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant seed you sowed."

"Ah! jealousy!" mused the Professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on the "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Bipeds."

AT THE WRONG PLACE.

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your house?" asked the polite book agent.

"No," she snapped.

"Or a Louis Stevenson?"

"No."

"Or a Gene Field?"

"No, we ain't, an' what's more, we don't run a boarding house here either. If you're looking for them fellows you might try the house across the street. I understand they keep roomers."

Mr. D. (in first hour Chemistry class)—"You may take arsenic for your next lesson."

FUNNY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Bull dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Lost near city hall, an umbrella by a gentleman with a bent rib and bone handle.

Annual sale now on; don't go elsewhere to be cheated, come in here.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, caps, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

STILL ON DECK.

A boy, twelve years of age, with an air of melancholy resignation, went to his teacher and handed him the following note from his mother before taking tis seat:

"Dear Sir—Please excuse James for not being present yesterday. He played truant, but you needn't whip him for it, as the boy he played truant with and him fell out, and he licked James; and a man he threw stones at, caught him and licked him; and the driver of a cart they hung on to, licked him; and the owner of a cat they chased, licked him. Then I licked him when he came home, after which his father licked him, and I had to give him another licking for being impudent to me for telling his father. So you need not lick him until the next time. He thinks he will attend regular in the future."

ACID DICTIONARY.

College—A mental hospital for administering treatment to dead languages.

College Education—A system of training young men to tackle the world by men who tackle it themselves.

Election—A political shearing of lambs.

Landlord—A man wise enough to have gotten there first, or to have chosen ancestors who did.

Suburbanite—A man who lives on a train, pays rent in the country and earns a deficit in the city.

Office Holder—A man whose duties begin with his campaign speeches and end with his election.

Spendthrift—A man who believes "All things come to him who wastes."

Stock Ticker—A financial tape-worm.

Pleasure—Work that you don't have to do.

Pullman Car—A human pigeon-hole arrangement where you can enjoy every luxury but sleep.

Wedding Ring—A golden circle without end, symbolizing trouble without end.

City—A human bee-hive where the drones are not stung to death.

The daily paper in reporting the speech of a local politician intended to add a comment: "And the masses believed him." Instead of which, by a typographical error, the addition read: "And them asses believed him."

Of course, a boot and shoe store has some slippery customers.

A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GOT.

Damm—"Two cents worth of bicarbonate of soda for your wife's indigestion at this time of night, when a glass of hot water does just as well!"

Campbell (to chemist hastily)—"Well! Well! Thanks for the advice. I'll not bother you after all. Good night."

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"Then I'm to tell the firm," said Gross, a bill collector, making a memorandum in his note book, "that you'll probably settle this account next week?"

"Well, I'd hardly put it that way," hesitatingly answered Goecker. "Probably is a pretty strong word. Better make it 'possibly'."

THE FIRST STEP.

Miss Frueh—"In selecting a husband, what would you consider first?"

Miss Bradt—"A proposal."

In some of the large cities there are penny savings banks for children.

One Saturday, Packard arrived with an important air and withdrew two cents from his account. Monday morning he promptly returned the money.

"So you didn't spend your two cents," observed the worker in charge.

"Oh, no," he replied easily, "but a fellow just likes to have a little cash on hand over Sunday."

Husband—"My dear, we'll have to economize."

Wife—"Well, let's cut down on our cigars."

If the air contains more than one hundred feet of carbolic acid it is dangerous to the health.

If Miss Douglas would Doolittle, would W. W. Warner?

"Help! Help! Look at these crazy sheep. Just because the leader went through my legs, they're all going to follow."

HIS PROVERB.

L. W.—"There's a proverb that fits every man."
F. B.—"What one fits me?"
L. W.—"To whom God gives office, He also gives brain."
F. B.—"But I have no office."
L. W.—"Well?"

BUT ONLY ON THE PHONE.

Helen—"Weren't you in when Irwin called you on the phone and proposed?"
L.—"No; but when I did get in, I returned his ring."

"How do you make chickens good fighters?"
"Feed them scraps."

"Ma, what is an angel?"
"An angel is one that flies."
"Why, pa says my governess is an angel."
"Yes, and she's going to fly, too."

BREAKING HIM.

He was a hard-working and intelligent Frenchman, but the English verbs still troubled him.

"Ah, yes, m'sieur, I saw Mrs. Brown the other day," he said to an American friend, "and she telled—I mean told—me that her school was soon to break down."

"Break up, surely?"

"Ah, yes! break up. Your verbs do trouble me so yet. Break up—that was it."

"Why was she going to let her school break up so early?"

"Because influenza had broken down in it."

"Broken out. It is a bit puzzling, isn't it?"

"Broken out—ah, yes! And she said she is going to leave her house in charge of a caretaker, as she fears it might be broken—How do I say that, please?"

"Broken into, I suppose."

"That is it, broken into—by the burglars."

"Is her son married yet?"

"No; the engagement is broken in."

"Broken off. Oh, I haven't heard anything about it. Is she much worried about it?"

"He only broke up the news to her last week. Is that right?"

"No; you should only say 'broke' there."

"Ah, well, I think I am nearly broke by those verbs of yours!"

And he went sadly on his way.

LIES.

"He was that long!"

"Best show in town!"

"It will not fade!"

"Imported!"

"I led the charge!"

"He proposed ten times before I accepted him!"

"Cannot be detected from the genuine!"

"I couldn't understand the lesson!"

"Please excuse Johnny because he was sick!"

"I was eighteen last fall!"

"I love you!"

LOOKS NATURAL.

"Why do you suppose Losch has such a vacant expression?"

"Well, he thinks of himself a good deal."

TERMS IN POLITICS.

Candidate—A man who loves all the people.

Campaign—Open season for loving same by candidates.

Campaign Pledges—Unsecured notes given by candidates in exchange for votes.

Election Day—Expiration date for above pledges.

The Voter—A king (or queen) on one day a year and a three-spot on the other three hundred and sixty-four.

The Platform—A common carrier used by parties for transportation purposes.

Plank—Special car provided in a platform for a doubtful faction.

Reform—A universally desired improvement in politics.

Reformer—An impertinent busy-body.

Republican—A man at a station yelling to the train to come back for him.

Progressive—Man ahead of the train building the track.

Democrat—Man in the engine cab wondering how to run the blamed thing.

Socialist—Man trying to trade the train for an aeroplane.

Stinging Rebuke—When the other side wins by one hundred.

"Magnificent Indorsement"—When our side wins by one hundred.

"Personalities"—Criticism of our candidates by opponent.

"Flaying Him Alive"—Discussion of opponent by our candidate.

"Signal Honor"—Appointment of friend to office.

Statesmanship—Securing of postoffice building by congressman.

Record—Something that requires more explaining than theory.

In Astronomy: The tides are caused by the sun drawing water out and the moon drawing it in again.

In Mathematics: A circle is a line which meets its other end without meeting.

Algebraical Symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

An Angle is a triangle with only two sides.

In Physics: The mechanical advantage of a long pump handle is that you can have someone to help you pump.

Miss Blanchard (in English XII)—"What caused Macbeth to see ghosts?"

Corrigan—"He probably found the key to the Rathskeller."

Kanter, the grocer—"What was that woman kicking about?"

Norton, the clerk—"The long wait, sir."

Kanter—"And only yesterday she was kicking about the short weight! You can't please some people."

POPULAR BOOKS APPLIED TO TEACHERS.

E. C. Warriner—The Iron Heel.
W. W. Warner—The Shepherd of the Hills.
Miss Kitchen—Lavender and Old Lace.
Miss Burnham—Broken Halo.
Miss Herman—Eyes of the World.
Miss Blanchard—Enchanted Hat.
Miss Pell—The Lion and the Mouse.
Miss Babcock—Pandora's Box.
Miss Loveland—Prince or Chauffeur.
Miss Brady—My Lady Caprice.
Miss Denfeld—Mistress of Shenstone.
Mr. Doolittle—Ten Thousand Dollar Arm.
Miss Douglas—Red Pepper Burns.
Mr. Granville—The Masquerader.
Mr. Guder—Buried Alive.
Miss Moiles—Vanity Box.
Mr. Kelsey—When a Man Marries.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

I sometimes wonder what's the use
Of squaring the hypotenuse;
Or why, unless it be to tease,
Things must be called isosceles.
Of course, I know that mathematics
Are mental stunts and acrobatics,
To give the brain a drill gymnastic
And make gray matter more elastic.
Is that why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and trapezoid,
I wonder? Yet it seems to me
That all the Plane Geometry
One needs, is just this simple feat,
Whate'er your line, make both ends meet!

Kanter, passing an old colored man, who was busy setting fire to the dead grass in a meadow, accosted him thus: "Don't do that, Uncle Eb, don't do that."

"Why so, sah? Why so?"

"You will make that meadow as black as you are."

"Neber mind dat, sah, neber mind dat! Dat grass will all grow out again an' be as green as you be."

An Irishman entered a graveyard to rest and while there, noticed the following inscription on a tombstone:

"Dear friend, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
So prepare for death and follow me."

The Irishman thought for a moment, shook his head, and wrote the following on the bottom of the stone:

"To follow you I'll not consint
Until I know which way you wint."

HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

"When you punish your boy do you spring that old one on him about how you are only doing it because you love him?"

"No; we have a friend who tried that, and his son said, 'If I were big enough, dad, I'd return your love.' "

TOO MANY STANDING AROUND.

Willie—"Pa!"
Pa—"Yes."
Willie—"Teacher says we're here to help others."
Pa—"Of course we are."
Willie—"Well what are the others here for?"

A GENTLE SUGGESTION.

Mr. S. (gently)—"My dear, a Boston man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck."
Mrs. S.—"Well, what of it?"
Mr. S.—"Nothing, only the button must have been on."

SELLING AT A PREMIUM.

"How much are these puppies, little boy?"

"All a quarter, 'cept that one, and he's thirty-five cents. He swallowed a dime yesterday."

Lyman—"I don't know that I need any work done about the house. What can you do, my good fellow?"

Steve—"Sir, in my day, I've been a carpenter, a barber and a school teacher. I can shingle your house, your hair, or your boy."

THE A B C OF COURTSHIP.

Apply adulation aptly.
Beg beauty's beneficence.
Consult "cherie" constantly.
Display delightful deference.
Ever exhibit eagerness.
Furnish flattery freely.
Give gifts generously.
Hold her hands.
Insinuate impressive iniquities.
Jog jealousy judiciously.
Kiss kindly kinsfolk.
Leave languishing looks.
Mention match-making mamas.
Never neglect nattiness.
Offer oblations obsequiously.
Plan pleasure parties.
Quickly quit quarrels.
Rapidly renew reconciliations.
Scorn sweetheart scratches.
Try tete-a-tete tactics.
Ubiquitous urchins unnerve.
Vocalize votive verses.
'Xtend 'xorbitant 'xpectations.
Yowl your yearnings.
Zig-zag Zionward zealously.

A BOAST OR A CONFESSION.

Extract from the annual report of a local hospital: "No pains have been spared," et cetera.

FULLY COVERED.

Sheldon—"I want to get some insurance.
Agent—"Fire or life?"
Sheldon—"Both; I've a wooden leg."

A PARADOXICAL PI OT.

"He's no good, but how are we going to get rid of him?"
"Why make it hot for him."
"All right; we'll freeze him out."

IN SPITE OF IT.

C.—"Geisler writes best sellers, doesn't he?"

S.—"Yes; but he's all right. He's a first-rate sort. When you get to know him you don't mind what he writes."

PROOF OF INTELLIGENCE.

Rhode—"Is this horse intelligent, my good fellow?"

Groom—"Very! Look out he don't kick you, sir!"

A HARD TEST.

Hall—"Can I get a steak here and catch the one o'clock train?"

Waiter—"It depends on your teeth, sir."

SUBTLE REVENGE.

Two young bootblacks who have stands close together on Genesee street quarreled the other day.

"I'll get even with that guy yet," vowed the smaller of the two.

"Goin' to fight him, are yer, Jimmy?"

"Naw! When he gets troo polishin' a gent I going to say ter that gent soon's he steps off the chair, 'Shine, sir, shine?'"

REAL HARD WORK.

"I say, Damm, I've forgotten my card case."

"Never mind, deah boy. I'll lend you some of mine."

"But—ah—the names would be different, don'tcherknow."

"So they would! What a head you have got, Wilbur."

FIGURES LIES.

An old darkey was convinced that a bill rendered him by the butcher was not correct. He complained to the butcher, who said, "Sam, figures don't lie."

"Ah knows dat," said Sam, "but liars do figger."

THEY HAD NO EFFECT.

"Don't all those papers make you tired?" asked the kindly disposed man of the little newsboy who was struggling along under a huge load of evening papers.

"Naw," replied the newsboy with supreme contempt, "I can't read."

WITH STANDING.

Mr. G.—"Give me a sentence containing the word 'notwithstanding'."
Freshman—"The man's trousers were worn out, not with standing."

"I can't sing since I worked for a baker."
"Why not?"
"I can't get any higher than dough."

A drummer looked across the aisle. The seat beside a pretty girl was vacant. Going over he said: "Is this seat engaged?"

"No;" answered the girl, "but I am engaged, so it won't do you any good."

YOUNG BROTHER AGAIN.

Marie's young brother was entertaining Charles in the parlor.

"How many pennies have you got?" he asked.

"None at present. I'm sorry."

"Then mamma was right," continued the young brother, "when she told my sister last night that you had no more sense than a rabbit."

IT WOULDN'T INTERFERE.

"Want a job, eh?" said the prospective employer to the shrewd-looking applicant for the position as errand boy. "Well, do you know how far the moon is from the earth?"

"Naw, sir;" said the youth, "I don't know. But it ain't close enough to prevent me from runnin' yer errands."

He got the job.

A CONSCIENTIOUS SENTRY.

An officer at a state camp decided to see for himself how his sentries were doing their duty. He was somewhat surprised at overhearing the following:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend with a bottle."

"Pass, friend. Halt, bottle."

Dressmaker—"How do you wish me to trim the bottom edge of your skirt, Miss Walter?"

Miss Walter—"With cat's fur; I am dreadfully afraid of mice."

Vox Populi—"Do you think you've boosted your circulation by giving a year's subscription for the biggest potato raised in the country?"

The Editor—"Mebbe not; but I got four barrels of samples."

"I wonder what becomes of the little girls who dig up the seeds they plant to see if they are growing."

"They become little women and keep opening the refrigerator to see if there is any ice left."

Mr. G.—"There seems to be a penalty provided for everything but stealing a man's daughter."

Mr. C.—"There's a penalty for that, too."

Mr. G.—"I'd like to know what it is."

Mr. C.—"Hard labor for life."

"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

"No, mum; I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things got settled."

"How can a teacher remedy an unsatisfactory boarding-place?"

"She should set her cap for some bachelor rancher and put in operation her theories in teaching domestic science."

PUTTING IT CLEARLY.

"Rastus, what's a alibi?"

"Dat's provin' dat yoh was at a prayer meetin' whar yoh wasn't in order to show dat yoh wasn't at de crap game whar yoh was."

The trouble about that proposed railroad between Panama and Alaska is that the engineers and conductors will be so busy changing their clothes on the trip that they won't have time to run the train or collect the tickets.

EXCELS.

"Why don't you make that young one wash his hands once in a while?"

"Well, you see, they are taking finger prints at his school," said his mother, "and you know how the child loves to excel."

WHY THE CLASS LAUGHED.

Senior (studying Il Penseroso)—"What does 'spare fast' mean?"

Miss B. (after some explaining)—"We have a word something like that now, which is 'spare ribs,' meaning bones without much meat on them."

IN PHYSIOGRAPHY CLASS.

After taking the roll and checking up the people who had tickets for the "Benjamin Chapin Entertainment," Mr. T. said, "Now keep quiet, do you have to sit here until 2:45?"

"No," shouted everyone.

Mr. T. finished checking up the tickets, then shouted, "Now, beat it."

Mr. Blaisdell (in Chapel)—"If your six-cylinder car should be stalled in the sand, is it the proper thing to do to get out and get mad?"

Bright Senior—"Get out and get under."

Senior (complaining to Mr. White)—"I do not like the pictures as they make my face too fat."

Mr. White (thoughtfully)—"I cannot help that when your face is fat."

Senior—"Well, that is the only part of me that is fat."

Mr. White—"That is the only part that I am taking."

The governor of Maine was visiting a school, and told the pupils what the people of different states were called. "Now," he said, "the people from Indiana are called 'Hoosiers,' the people from South Carolina, 'Tar Heels,' the people from Michigan we know as 'Michiganders.' Now what little boy or girl can tell me what the people of Maine are called?"

"I know," piped up Johnnie from the corner, "Maniacs."

GOOD ONE-THIRD.

Aunt (reprovingly)—"Willie, how is it that you are such a bad boy all the time?"

Willie—"I ain't. I'm asleep part of the time."

Teacher—"What is a polygon?"

Egan—"A dead parrot."

Recently little Willie had a football game on hand and was wallowing around the lots with the boys when his mother called him to do an errand at the grocery store. Reluctantly, the youngster left the game and hurried to the store only to find the store crowded with customers. This looked like wasted time, but Willie was equal to the occasion.

"Mr. Smith," he said, crowding his way to the counter, "can't you wait on me right away? What I want is for father's dinner."

"All right, young man," said the grocer, "I guess we can accommodate you this time. What'll you have?"

"Two pounds of soft soap and a package of washing powder," was the startling rejoinder of Willie.

A cross-eyed man was watching the activity of Niagara.

"What a big waste!" he remarked to his friend.

A very big, stout lady standing nearby looked at him angrily, and said, "Mind your own business."

Truant Officer Kurtz—"What are you looking for?"

C. B. (in a deep snow bank)—"I'm looking for three cents in pennies."

He—"How is it you are always out when I call?"

She—"Just luck."

Art.—"I bet I know how wide your skirt is."

Ruth—"How wide is it?"

Art.—"A little over two feet."

"What kind of leather makes good shoes?"

"I don't know. But banana peel makes good slippers."

Sunday School Teacher—"Can you tell me who made you, Robert?"

Bob—"God made part of me."

Teacher—"Why, what do you mean by that?"

Bob—"He made me real little, and I just growed the rest myself."

Professor—"What is the difference between, 'I will hire a taxi,' and 'I have hired a taxi'?"

Senior (after a dance)—"About three bones and a half."

SODA WATER.

Little drops of water,
Carbonated fizz,
Help the thrifty druggist
To do a lot of bizz.

A Burning Question: Who paid Romeo's and Juliet's gas bill?"

Mule in the barnyard,
Lazy and slick;
Boy with a pen on end of a stick,
Creeps up behind him quiet as a mouse—
Crape on the door of little boy's house.

A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen. Among the examples was the word "bird-cage."

"Now, Paul," said the teacher, "why do you put the hyphen in bird-cage?"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling answer.

If honest toil make horny hands
Then cannot it be said,
That one who overworks his brain
Should have a horny head?

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail.
"Well, I declare," was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been in jail."

Pupil (reading)—"And his body was interred in St. Paul's cathedral wither-er Pompey the Great."

Teacher—"With what?" Repeat that."

Pupil—"Well, it says here 'with great pomp,' but you said I wasn't to abbreviate, so I read it in full."

Koehler—"If my employer does not retract what he said to me this morning, I shall leave his house."

Landskroener—"Why, what did he say?"

Koehler—"He told me I could look for another place."

BURGLARY WOULDN'T BE NECESSARY.

Hall—"I never am happy unless I'm breaking into song."

Rice—"Why don't you get the key and you won't have to break in."

CAUGHT.

Conversation between John and John's wife, who possesses a loving though suspicious disposition. (Because the reasons every wife will understand.)

Act I.

Time—Early evening.

Scene—Sitting-room of a cozy home in the outskirts of a small town.

John's Loving Spouse—"John, please be sure to mail this letter to Emma."

John—"Yes, dear."

Act II.

Time—Five minutes later.

Scene—Porch of cozy home in outskirts of small town.

Mrs. John—"Don't forget, dear."

Mr. John (in fretful tones)—"No; of course, I won't."

Act III.

Time—Same evening, later.

Scene—Cozy sitting-room shown in first act. John, left center, reposing in Morris chair after the exertion of an evening down town. John's wife, right center, a bit of linen which she is punching holes in for its later blossoming into a punch-work stand cover, in her hands; seraphic smile wreathing her face, in whose luminous ray John is blushing. No faintest trace of outraged wifely trust in her voice as she says:

"John, give me Emma's letter. I want to add something to it."

Unsuspicious John reaching in his breast-pocket brings forth the letter.

ACT OSTRACISED HIM.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" a parvenu once said to Lady Bulwer. "I should like to invite him to my reception."

"Alas! madam," replied Lady Bulwer, "the Dean has done something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me! what was that?"

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

STRANGE SIGNS WE SOMETIMES SEE.

Furnished apartments, suitable for a gentleman with folding-doors.

Wanted, an organist, and boy to blow same.

Wanted, a room by two gentlemen, about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad.

Clara, walking into an optician's shop—"I want a pair of strong glasses, immediately."

Clerk—"Yes, good strong ones."

Clara—"The strongest. I was out walking in the country yesterday and I made a very painful blunder."

Clerk—"Indeed? Mistook a stranger for a friend?"

Clara—"No, a bee for a blackberry."

Cummings—"Say, Geisler, do you know what they call a lemon in Detroit?"

Geisler—"No; what do they call a lemon in Detroit?"

Cummings—"Why, the same as they do here, —a lemon."

J. Wickes—"Is snow-shoveling unhealthy?"

Schirmer—"Yes, very. That is the reason there are so many healthy people in Saginaw."

BUILT FOR SUCCESS.

A suburban grocer had engaged a boy from the city. There came a Saturday when, on being paid, the youngster was told that he was not wanted any more; but on the following Monday he turned up as usual.

"I thought I gave you the sack," said the manager.

"Yes," replied the young fellow, "and don't you do it again. I got into a nice row when I got home."

Bobbie—"Auntie, did God make all of us?"

Auntie—"Yes, dear."

Bobbie—"He's doing better work than he used to, isn't he?"

Listen to the ocean moaning,
  It's moaning soft and low;
All because some big fat bather
  Walked upon its undertow.

The reason why these lines appear
Is just because there was a fear
That without their hidden plot
This would be an empty spot.

"How I miss those at home," sighed the center-fielder, as he threw wild to the plate.

"Mai Gracia," cried the Queen of Spain, "the baby has a stomach-ache."

"Don't worry," replied the Lady Chamberlain, soothingly, "send for the Secretary of the Interior."

Said the teacher to a small boys' class: "Can you take your warm overcoats off?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

There was silence for a while and then little Tommy spoke up: "Because, sir, God alone knows where the buttons are."

You can lead a horse to water,
  But you cannot make him drink;
You can lead a boy to Physics,
  But you cannot make him think.

"Do animals possess the sentiment of affection?" asked the school teacher of the little girl.

"Yeth, ma'am; almost always," was the reply.

"Good," said the teacher; "and now," turning to a little boy, "tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man."

The small boy considered carefully and finally answered: "Women."

One of a party of visitors at an insane asylum noticed that the clock in the hall was several minutes fast.

"That clock isn't right," he said to the attendant.

"Of course it isn't," answered an inmate who overheard. "That's why it's here."

WHY NOT?

She—"In writing the invitations to my birthday party, should I cay 'Your presence is requested'?"

He—"No. Your presents are requested would be more like it."

AGREE.

L.—"Toothache, eh? I'd have the blamed thing pulled if it were mine."
M.—"So would I, if it were yours."

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

An insurance agent was filling out an application blank.

"Have you ever had appendicitis?" he asked.

"Well," answered the applicant, "I was operated on, but I have never felt quite sure whether it was appendicitis or professional curiosity."

WASN'T OVERCOME.

Jones met his neighbor Smith. "You were shooting this morning?" asked Smith.

"Yes; I had to kill my dog." answered Jones.

"Was he mad?" asked Smith.

"Well," said Jones, "he didn't seem any too well pleased."

THE WISEST GODDESS.

When entertaining some school children at her country house a certain famous spinster took them round the rooms and pointed out the beautiful things in them. "This," she said, indicating a statue, "is Minerva."

"Was Minerva married?" asked one of the little girls.

"No, my child," said the spinster, with a smile, "Minerva was the goddess of Wisdom."

THE NEW AGE.

Of the iron age we often hear,
And the fabled age of gold;
But now the income tax brings near
An age of wealth untold.

Don—"How did the canoe happen to tip over?"
Louisa—"Oh, Dike carelessly put his pipe in one side of his mouth."

THE DOCTOR MISJUDGED HER.

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"

"No, I doesn't, sah. I buy it open and honest, sah."

Miss Bl. (in English XII)—"From what poem that you have studied in Grade X, was the title, 'Far from the Maddening Crowd,' taken?"

Muriel (after a brief pause)—"From the 'Deserted Village'."

Mr. M.—Mr. Baumgarten, what are the kinds of life insurance?"

Mr. Baumgarten—"Life, Fire and Marine."

Intelligent Student (picking up a Caesar)—"Oh, my! Latin's easy. I wish I had taken it. Look here (pointing to several passages). Forty ducks in a row (forte duces in aro). Pass us some jam (passus sum jam). The bony legs of Caesar (boni leges Caesaris)."

MUST BE SIMPLE.

In a registration booth in San Francisco, an old negro woman had just finished registering for the first time.

"Ah you shore," she asked the clerk, "dat Ise done all I has to?"

"Quite sure," replied the clerk. "You see it's very simple."

"I'd ought to knowed it," said the old woman. "If those fool men folks been doing it all dese years, I might a-knowed it was a powerful simple process."

POOR HUBBY.

Hubby—"I can't eat those biscuits. They are like rocks."

Wifey—"Didn't I graduate from cooking school just before you married me?"

Hubby—"Yes. I should have waited till you forgot what you learned there."

A FAIR SAMPLE.

A little Freshman was told to write a description of an incident. The following is an extract from his essay:

"A boy caught a dog with a freckled face and red hair, bent on having fun. After fixing him up to his liking, he sent the poor creature down the street, yelping at every step. He ran over a horse with a tin-can tied to his tail, and the horse took fright and tore off up the street, knocking a lady down carrying a pail of milk with a buggy wheel, and broke her ankle at the corner of Fifth street and doing great damage, besides spilling the milk which was not stopped until the mill was reached owned by Mr. Jones who was killed walking down the street by a stroke of lightning with a fence rail on his shoulder, so far back that few of the oldest inhabitants knew of the sad occurrence residing in our town."

Cummings—"Does your machine run with gasoline?"

Krieg—"No; with Josephine."

A GOOD PERFORMER.

"Say, dad, I'm writing an essay on a man who held the chair of Botany, Meteorology, Physiology, Chemistry and Entomology in a small college. Would you refer to such a man simply as professor?"

"No, Johnnie; I'd call a man who could hold as many chairs as that an acrobat."

WHICH IS BEST?

G. Grandy—"It is nice to be handsome."

M. Adomeit—"Yes; but it is a great deal handsomer to be nice."

A SECRET.

"Would your mother object if I should kiss you, dear?"
He asked, on giving her a ring.
Her answer did not seem quite clear,
"She never would hear of such a thing."

MEN DO IT QUICK.

A man can whittle a toothpick for his son in two minutes, but it takes a mother a year to make a match for her daughter.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

Freshy—"I want a man that is grand and upright."

Senior—"You don't want a man. You want a piano."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm brakeman on a canal boat."

"What are the duties of brakeman on a canal boat?"

"Breaking up wood for the cook."

"And now that we are married, dear, how do you think I will strike your mother?"

"Good gracious, Reuben! You're not going to abuse her right away, are you?"

John—"Did the father give the bride away at the wedding?"

Jum—"No; he told the fellow that she had a sweet disposition."

First English Militant—"Do you believe in rocking the cradle?"
Second Englist Militant—"Sure! Where are the rocks?"

"Why did you tell her what I told you not to tell her?"
"Did she tell you that? I told her not to tell you that I told her."
"Well, I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me; but don't you tell her I told you."

"Ouch!" said Pat. "I'll never be able to put these boots on until I have worn them a day or two."

TO THE FRESHIE.

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,
And as far as he could learn,
He stood in perfect safety, for
He was too green to burn.

He—"I'm trying my best to get ahead."
She—"Well, you need one bad enough."

"The girl in the picture show window may be poor and humble, but she has a generous heart."

"Why do you think so?"

"I gave her a dollar bill to change, and she gave me back a dollar and eighty cents."

Wallace (in Bijou)—"Say, Jerry, don't you wish you'd brought a girl today?"

McCorkle—"No. Why?"

Wallace—"If you read the billboard you'd see, 'The Woman Pays'."

MUTUAL SORROW.

"John," said the teacher, "I'm very sorry I have to punish you."

"Well," said Johnnie, "it always makes me feel bad, too."

Miss W. (English IX)—"Mr. Goodman, do you believe that poets are born, not made?"

Goodman—"Sure! Who'd be foolish enough to make a poet?"

THE COLLEGE BOYS.

Manager—"Where's that 'Not to be used except in case of fire' sign?"

Clerk—"The college boys nailed it up over the coal-bin."

HE GETS IT.

Charlie wrote this verse;
It isn't very funny.
It couldn't be much worse,
But Charlie needed money.

A BACK-SLAP.

Husband—"I don't believe that fable about the whale swallowing Jonah."

Wife—"Why not? That's nothing to what you expect me to swallow sometimes."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Mrs. Fussy (on her first visit to Niagara Falls)—"Oh, Harry, that reminds me I forgot to turn off the water in the kitchen sink."

POLLY'S TREAT.

The new gramophone had just arrived and, in her husband's absence, Mrs. Jones thought she would give Polly a treat, so she set the machine working on a record of "In Old Madrid," sung by Mr. Jones in his best style.

At the very first bar, her parrot opened her eyes in surprise, and rocked herself to and fro in deep and speechless wonder. She was evidently thinking deeply, and her excitement was intense. She cocked her head on one side with an expression that indicated interest and irritation at not arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. As the song finished, an idea dawned upon her.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "what do you think of that, Polly?"

Then the bird found words.

"Great Scott!" she shrieked, "You've certainly got the old man boxed up this time, and no mistake."

SLIPPERY.

"That salesman is a man of polish."

"Yes; he's a very smooth article."

LITERAL.

Rice—"Is this the train I take to New York?"

Hall—"No, you booby. It is the train that takes you there."

THE SOCIABLE NEIGHBOR.

"Now, don't talk too much when you go to call on our neighbor. You may answer questions, of course."

"That is all I ever do," said the child, "and they ask a great many questions. Last time they asked how much salary papa got, and if he ever quarreled with you."

Milton—"Marie, may I call this evening?"

Marie—"Yes; but mother says lights out at ten."

Milton—"All right, I will be around about that time."

SPREADING HAPPINESS.

Wealth won't bring you happiness, they prate,
  I'm glad to hear it, sonny.
I think I'll go and separate
  Some durn fool from his money.

Robertson—"How long can a person live without brains?"
Rice—"I don't know. How old are you?"

Young Carter's father allowed him to take a trip to Europe last spring. Before starting the youth made up a cable code of his own for possible use while traveling. He gave a duplicate copy to his father, who locked it up in his desk without looking at it.

A few weeks later the elder Carter received a cable consisting of one word: "Laugh." He laughed. It seemed to be something quite pleasant. His code was at the house. He unlocked his desk in the best of humor. He took the code out and read: "Laugh—Send me $500."

MADE HIM HOMESICK.

A man, walking into a restaurant, inadvertently left the door open. A big man eating his lunch immediately yelled: "Shut the door, you fool. Where were you raised—in a barn?"

The man who had left the door open, closed it, and then dropping into a seat began to weep. The big man looked somewhat uncomfortable and, finally rising, walked up to the weeper and tapped him on the shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings."

The man who was weeping raised his head and grinned.

"Old man," he said, "I'm not crying because you hurt my feelings but because you asked me if I was raised in a barn. The fact is I was raised in a barn and every time I hear an ass bray it makes me homesick."

BOTTLE-REARED FISH.

A certain doctor was one day out sea fishing with a friend. During operations the medico's sinker came off and was lost. Here was a dilemma. No sinker, no fishing that day.

Ha! Happy thought—his flask. No sooner said than done. The bottle was filled with water, carefully corked, and sent down on its mission, with two hooks attached to the line. After a few minutes' interval, the doctor was lucky enough to pull up a fine pair of fish, one on each hook.

"Ha, doctor," exclaimed his companion, "twins this time."

"Yes," replied the doctor, with a smile, "and brought up on the bottle, too!"

ELUSIVE.

Some things on earth are very strange;
The mysteries thereof are many.
They say this is a world of change,
And yet I cannot borrow any!

ON THIN ICE.

An old lady, wishing to pay a compliment to the new preacher, told him, "Really, sir, we did not know what sin was until you came to the parish."

RATHER LAZY.

"The laziest man I ever saw," said a Chicago traveling man, "is the proprietor of a little shoe store down in Saginaw, Mich. I happened to be in his shop one day, when a woman entered and said she wanted to buy a pair of shoes. The lazy man, Mr. E. Granville, who was sitting on a box at one end of his establishment, looked at her, yawned wearily, and then said: 'I can't wait on you today. Come in some time when I'm standing up.'"

TERRIBLY ABSENT MINDED.

Harold—"I'm getting absent minded."

Don—"So?"

Harold—"Yes, I stood for an hour in the vestibule trying to remember whether I was going out or coming in."

A RURAL DIPLOMAT.

"Judging from the price ye charged me, neighbor, ye put three gallons of molasses in a two-gallon jug. Now, I ain't b'grudging the money, but I don't cal'late ter hev the jug stretched."

HIS CLASS.

Lynd—"Hello! Adam, got a new overcoat, I see. What did it cost you?"

Adam—"Six months. I never wear any cheap duds."

WHO KNOWS?

"Now children," said Miss H—, "I wish you to remember that the time to ask questions in my class is whenever anything is said which you need explained. Do not wait until the time comes for recitation and then complain that you 'did not hear or did not understand when I talked.'"

"Yes'm," chorused the scholars.

"Very well," said Miss H—, we will begin today with James I, who came after Elizabeth."

Gladys raises her hand.

"What is it?" asked Miss H—.

Gladys—"What made him come after her?"

"How's your wife now?"
"Oh, she's all right, I guess.'
"She's got you guessing, eh?"

"I sat before a great artist today for my picture."
"What did he say?"
"Wanted to know what color I wanted my nose painted."

"How much milk does your cow give a day?"
"About eight quarts, lady."
"And how much do you sell?"
"About twelve quarts."

Ma Greenum (traveling in N. Y.)—"Ezrie, what's that awful noise?"

Pa Greenum—"I ain't sure, Mirandy, but maybe it's that there Long Island Sound."

Conjurer—"My assistant will now guess without any assistance how many hairs any gentleman present has on his head."

Shock-headed member of the audience—"How many are there in mine?"

Assistant—"Two million four hundred and fifty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-four."

Conjurer—"The gentleman may count his hairs if he likes, when he will see that the number is exact."

YOUNG HERO.

"Well, Lynd, are you very good to your little sister?" asked Gertrude.

"Sure," replied Lynd. "I even eat her candy, 'cause it always makes her sick."

"Your name?" asked the teacher, registering a new pupil.
"Arthur."
"And what's your first name?"
"Brown."
"Oh, haven't you got them wrong. I think Arthur must be your first name and Brown your family name. Isn't that right?"

But the small boy was not persuaded. A day or two later he announced:

"Teacher, mother says Brown is my first name. She says I got that name when I was born and she didn't name me Arthur till three months later."

English Countess (admiringly)—"Your gown is just ripping, my dear."
American Duchess (in alarm)—"Oh, where?"

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs."
"I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"

TOO MUCH.

"Do you think Miss Kidder was having fun with me?" asked Charley.
"Well, old chap, give me the details," was Arthur's reply.
"You see, I had my bull terrier with me and I said to her, 'That dog knows as much as I do,' and she said, 'Don't you think four dollars and a half was too much to pay for him?'"

Merrill, the photographer, to young man—"It will make a much better picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder."
Father—"Huh! It would be much more natural if his hand was in my pocket."

THE PROPER TERM.

Little Chicagoan—"You're bughouse."
Little Bostonian—"Such terrible, deplorable vulgarity! You should say, 'Insect garage.'"

Martha—"And would you really put yourself out for my sake?"
Franklin—"Indeed, I would."
Martha—"Well, then I'll have to ask you to do it. It's awfully late."

Ardath—"Meta suffers a great deal for her beliefs."
Nellie—"Indeed, what is her belief?"
Ardath—"She firmly believes that she can wear a number six shoe on a number six foot."

"Say, Tom," said Jack, "did you know that Bill was going to sue the company for damages?"
"No, you don't say!" was the answer. "Vot did they do to 'im?"
"Why," explained Jack, "they blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carrying a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropped it on 'is foot."

A lecture! A lecture!
You will conjecture.
But let every fool
Know about this school.
Why are our Seniors so unpatriotic?
For instance, our Ruth with cases spasmodic.
And often at the pump at noon, do we see
Charles I. Myers anxiously waiting for Marie.
And Elsa Harris will not deign to go
With one of our Seniors. I know it is so.
But in the light of the moon
She strolls with Dick Khuen.
Now girls take heed
And do not an Arthur Hillite lead.

A CHANGE.

Before I wed that gal of mine,
There used to be a dandy sign
Upon the doormat at her home,
When thitherward I'd fondly roam.
It always stared me in the face
Whenever I called at her place;
Yes, in the days before we wed
The sign upon the doormat read,
"Welcome!"

But things are different nowadays,
They're different in many ways.
We're married, and when I roam
With weary legs into my home,
Another motto greets my eyes,
But causes me no great surprise;
Another doormat is in place,
And this now stares me in the face,
"Wipe your feet!"

A DIFFERENCE.

"So the bank teller has disappeared. Was he short in his cash?"
"No; he was ahead. It was the bank that was short."

Mr. C.—"What kind of an animal learns the quickest?"
Losch—"A fishhound."

A SAD AFFAIR.

Bill French, a country storekeeper, went to the city to buy goods. They were sent immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered, Mrs. French, who was keeping the store, uttered a scream, siezed a hatchet and began frantically to open the largest one.

"What's the matter, Frances?" said one of the bystanders who had watched her in amazement.

Pale and faint, Mrs. French pointed to an inscription on the box. It read, "Bill Inside."

FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF.

Walkling—"Why are we so late?"

Guard—"Well, sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides."

WELL SUPPLIED.

Shannon (angrily)—"If you attempt to pull my ears, you'll have your hands full."

Popp—"Well, yes; I rather think I shall," looking at Shannon's ears.

Professor—"By trigonometry, it is possible to tell how much water runs over Niagara Falls to the quart."

Student—"How much?"

Professor—"Two pints."

Literary Aspirant—"I can write about anything."

Tired Publisher—"Then right about face."

AFTERWORD

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
  Frown, and you go alone."
For the world admires a booster,
  While the grumbler it lets alone.
So here in this column of humor
  We've published for your delight
Some jokes on yourself and on others
  Hoping you'd take them right.
So, if we have happened to touch
  And ruffled your feelings a mite,
Remember you laughed at the others;—
  Don't get up your dander and fight.

E. J. K. '14.

CONCLUSION

And now you have finished reading our offering. It is for you to judge whether it is a failure or a success. We do not claim it to be the best ever; there have been "Auroras" published which, in some departments, could not be improved or bettered. We have added a few new features, such as new cuts and illustrations, which we hope may meet with your approval. The different departments have been consigned to what we thought to be the best talent in the class; we may have made mistakes in judging this best talent,—that is for you to decide. We cannot all be geniuses; all write-ups in this book cannot be masterpieces. You possibly have seen better cartoons, read better poems and stories; possibly you have seen similar departments handled in better style, but we are giving you the best that is in us now. As its name implies, the "AURORA" marks the dawn of our life. When we leave this institution (the Saginaw East Side High School) the majority of us will have to earn our own livings immediately. Some, even, may have dependents to support; thus you see this is only the beginning of many careers, not the climax; and what we submit for your decision is not necessarily the best we shall ever produce. Therefore, we ask you not to judge this issue too harshly. After twelve years of training, it is true, we should be able to turn out something worth while, but for almost all of us this is the first plunge into the editing field. We are handling the situation as we deem it best and we confidently expect that the result of our combined efforts will meet with your hearty and unqualified approval.

THE EDITORS.

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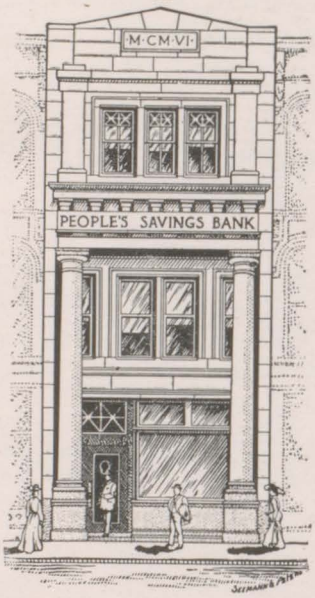

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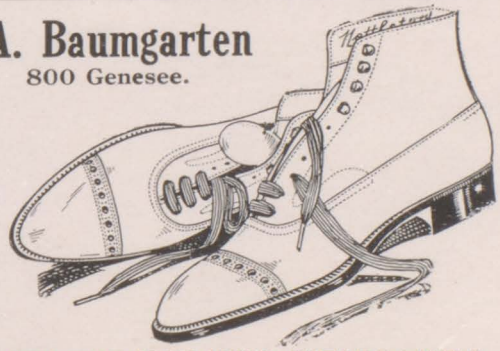

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The Photos used in this Aurora

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C. M. COPLIN.....Asst. Cashier
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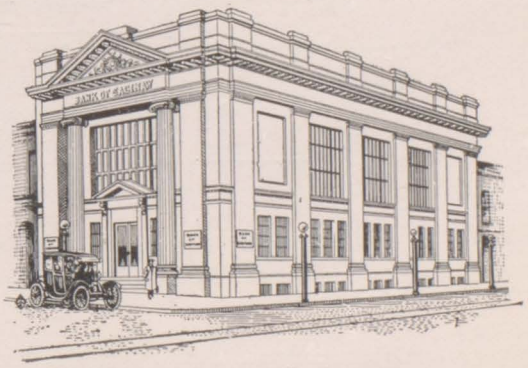

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